Hymnals

A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

Sing ye praiſes with the underſtanding.

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Although the following Collection bears the general title of HYMNS, *it nevertheleſs includes tranſlations of all thoſe* PSALMS *of* DAVID, *which are moſt conformable with the ſpirit of the Goſpel, and beſt adapted to the purpoſes of Chriſtian Worſhip.*

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ERRATA.

Page 43, laſt line but one, for *had* read *hath.*
45, line 18, for *are* read *art.*
56, line 6, for *idle* read *idol.*
103, line 16, for *Good* read *God.*
107, line 11, for *by* read *be.*
120, line 5, for *uſe* read *riſe.*
126, line 4, for *ſent* read *lent.*
186, line 15, for *keeps* read *keep.*

HYMNS

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

HYMN I. *Short Metre.*

Univerſal and ſincere praiſe to God.

I.

YE nations praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

II.

While Angels ſound his praiſe,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains:
Let all the earth his honours raiſe,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

III.

Praiſe him with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

HYMN II. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to the univerſal king.

I.

NATIONS with all your various tongues,
To God, your maker, raiſe your ſongs;
Loud ſound his name, that nature's ear
His praiſe thro' all her bounds may hear.

II.

Exult each tribe, exult each land;
Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds; the world's domain
Shall own, to lateſt times, his reign.

III.

Thy ſov'reign's name, O earth, revere;
And let thy ſons with holy fear,
To him in low proſtration bend,
And duteous, his decrees attend.

IV.

To God, of life th' eternal ſpring,
Inviſible, all-potent King,
One chorus let all creatures raiſe,
One hymn of univerſal praiſe.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

God the proper object of our praiſe.

I.

YE ſons of men, in ſacred lays,
Attempt your great creator's praiſe:
But O what tongue can ſpeak his fame!
What mortal verſe can reach the theme!

II.

Enthron'd amid, the radiant ſpheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
His boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praiſe.

III.

To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And meaſur'd out the azure ſky.

IV.

In all our maker's vaſt deſigns,
Omnipotence with wiſdom ſhines;
His works through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

V.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our ſouls his high perfections ſing,
O let his praiſe employ our tongues,
And liſt'ning worlds approve the ſongs.

HYMN IV. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

I.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſongs employ
Above the ſtarry frame:
Your voices raiſe
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim
To ſing his praiſe.

II.

Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'ſt the night,
Shine to your maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly,
In empty air.

III.

Ye vapours, hail and ſnow,
Praiſe ye the mighty Lord,
And ſtormy winds that blow
To execute his word;
When lightnings ſhine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

Let

IV.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And ſtill ſhall laſt,
From danger free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt.

SECOND PART.

I.

YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine,
To your creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

II.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monſters of the deep:
The fiſh that cleave the ſeas,
Or in their boſom ſleep,
From ſea and ſhore
Their tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay,
Their maker's pow'r.

III.

Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign king;
And, while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours ſing;
Nor let the dream
Of wealth and ſtate,
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

IV.

Virgins and youths, engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung,
By ev'ry tongue
In endleſs ſtrains.

HYMN V. *Short Metre.*

Univerſal praiſe to God.

I.

LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

Thou

II.

Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praiſe.

III.

He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs or ſnow,
Ye thunders rolling round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

V.

Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above
His honours be expreſs'd;
But theywho know his wondrous love
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

HYMN VI. *Long Metre.*

God the object of univerſal worſhip.

I.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your ſov'reign king:
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory ſing.

II.

Praiſe ye the Lord; for he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The ſheep that on his paſtures live.

III.

Enter his gates with ſongs of joy,
With praiſes to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

IV.

The Lord is kind, the Lord is good:
Great is his grace, his mercy ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

HYMN VII. *Long Metre.*

A general act of praiſe.

I.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

II.

His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with founding praiſe.

IV.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth will ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN VIII. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God the ſovereign King.

I.

RAISE your voice, and joyful ſing
Praiſe to your eternal king:
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

II.

Through the various realms of earth,
Praiſe him, all of human birth;
Honour pay to heav'ns high Lord,
And his wond'rous deeds record.

III.

Be the Lord your conſtant theme,
Who of gods is God ſupreme;
He to whom all lords beſide
Bow the knee and veil their pride:

IV.

He, whoſe wiſdom, thron'd on high,
Built the manſions of the ſky:
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade through boundleſs Æther roll:

V.

He who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing that lives
Rich ſupplies of bleſſings gives:

To

HYMN IX.

VI.

To him, the great eternal king,
Raiſe your voice, and joyful, ſing,
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to God from the heavenly bodies.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Doth his creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale?
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

Whilſt

IV.

Whilſt all the ſtars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found;

VI.

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN X. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to God from all nature.

I.

NATURE with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing,
God the creator and the king:
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

Begin

II.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye angels, that ſurround his throne;
Exalt your ſtrains, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls, and with our voice,
We ſing his honours, and our joys.

IV.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The ſtrongeſt notes that angels raiſe,
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.

HYMN XI. *Short Metre.*

A holy God worſhipped with reverence.

I.

GOD the creator reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

II.

How glorious is his name!
How awful is his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

III.

Exalt the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his feet;
His nature is all holineſs,
While mercy is his ſeat.

HYMN XII. *Short Metre.*

Praiſe to God from angels.

I.

THE Lord, the ſov'reign king,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the ſky.

II.

Ye angels, great in might,
And ſwift to do his will;
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright hoſts who wait
The orders of their king,
And guard his ſervants, when they pray,
Join in the praiſe they ſing.

IV.

While all his wond'rous works,
Through his vaſt kingdom, ſhew
Their maker's glory; thou, my ſoul,
Shalt ſing his praiſes too.

HYMN XIII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

I.

THE glories of our maker God
Our joyful tongues ſhall ſing;
And call the nations to adore
Their father and their king.

II.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues:
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join the heav'nly ſongs.

III.

Let beaſts, which in the paſtures feed,
Or in the deſerts lie,
Fiſhes that move within the ſeas,
And fowls beneath the ſky;

IV.

Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tributes bring;
And one united anthem raiſe
To God, all nature's king.

V.

Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
As thro' your orbs you run,
Praiſe him in your eternal courſe,
Around the ſteady ſun.

VI.

The glory of our maker's name
The wide creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre.*

God the proper object of prayer and praiſe.

I.

O Render thanks unto the Lord,
And call upon his name;
His gracious ways, his mighty works,
To all the world proclaim.

Let

II.

Let us in ſongs and ſacred hymns
Our great creator bleſs;
And what his pow'rful hand hath wrought,
Our joyful tongues expreſs.

III.

O glory in his holy name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly ſeek the Lord.

IV.

Let the great works which he has wrought
Your admiration move;
Think on the judgments of his mouth,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN XV. *Common Metre.*

An exhortation to praiſe God.

I.

COME ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
JEHOVAH is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal king.

II.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

III.

Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord,
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

IV.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN XVI. *Proper Metre*

Eternal praiſe to God.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone
Who reigns on his eternal throne,
Be all your praiſe beſtow'd:
His hand the beauteous fabric made,
His eye the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

Ye

II.

Ye ſons of men, his praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move:
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age ſucceſſive tell
The wonders of his love.

III.

Ye ſpirits of the juſt and good,
Who, while this earth is your abode,
To brighter worlds aſpire;
O let your ſongs of praiſe reſound,
Beyond the earth's remoteſt bound
To heavn's eternal fire.

HYMN XVII. *Long Metre.*

Our praiſes not profitable to God.

I.

YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye ſhort-liv'd creatures of a day,
Low in your native duſt bow down,
Before th' eternals awful throne.

II.

With heart devout, with ſolemn eye,
Behold th' Almighty ſeated high;
And ſearch, what worthy ſacrifice,
Your hands can give, your thoughts deviſe.

Loud

III.

Loud let ten thouſand voices ſound,
And call remoteſt nations round;
Aſſemble, on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and ſwains;

IV.

Join'd with the living, let the dead
Riſing the face of earth o'erſpread;
And, while his praiſe unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the ſongs:

V.

The drop, which from the bucket falls,
The duſt, which hangs upon the ſcales,
Is more to ſky, and earth, and ſea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

HYMN XVIII. *Short Metre.*

All nations called upon to worſhip God.

I.

SHEW mercy to us, Lord,
Bleſs us with gifts divine;
O let the glories of thy face,
On us thy ſervants ſhine.

Let

II.

Let all in pſalms of praiſe
Their grateful thoughts expreſs;
Let all the people round the world
Thy glorious name confeſs.

III.

Then ſhall th' enriched earth
With plenty overflow;
And God on all his other gifts
His bleſſing will beſtow.

IV.

His bounties ſhowr'd on us
Our happy days ſhall crown:
His pow'r and goodneſs all the world
With humble fear ſhall own.

HYMN XIX. *Long Metre.*

To the Almighty and unchangeable Creator.

I.

SING to the Lord who built the ſkies,
The Lord, who rear'd this ſtately frame;
From earth let ſongs of praiſe ariſe,
And diſtant worlds repeat his name.

He

II.

He ſpake the wond'rous word, and lo,
Creation roſe at his command;
The rolling orbs their limits know,
Guided by his Almighty hand.

III.

Nature with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread her makers praiſe abroad;
On ev'ry labour of his hands
Is ſtamp'd the image of a God.

IV.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his ſea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

V.

Proclaim his praiſe, ye pow'rs on high,
His praiſe let ev'ry region hear;
And while his name ſounds thro' the ſky
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XX. *Proper Metre.*

All creatures called upon to praiſe God.

I.

BEGIN our ſouls, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe your maker's name;
Lo! heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

II.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
Ye thunders, ſpeak his pow'r:
Lo! on the light'nings gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal king;
The trembling worlds adore.

III.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows riſe,
To join the thunders of the ſkies;
Praiſe him who bade you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

Wake

IV.

Wake, all ye ſoaring throngs, and ſing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe,
To him who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

V.

Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart the judging head,
In heavenly praiſe employ;
Spread the creator's name around,
'Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.

HYMN XXI. *Common Metre.*

The ſovereign dominion of God.

I.

SING all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful voice;
With melody of ſound record
His honours and your joys.

II.

God by his pow'r for ever rules;
His eyes the world ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous mortal dare
Oppoſe his ſov'reign ſway.

O bleſs

III.

O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe;
Ye ſaints fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our lives maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

HYMN XXII. *Long Metre.*

Univerſal praiſe to God the creator.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the creator's praiſe ariſe:
Let the redeemer's name be ſung
Through ev'ry land, by every tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

HYMN XXIII. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God for his Greatneſs and Mercy.

I.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe glory fills the ſky,
Peace on earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

II.

Favour'd mortals, raiſe the ſong;
Endleſs thanks to God belong:
Heart's o'erflowing with his praiſe,
Join the hymns your voices raiſe.

III.

Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmoſt bound;
Where the Godhead ſtands confeſs'd,
There be ſolemn praiſe addreſs'd.

IV.

Mark the wonders of his hand!
Pow'r, no empire can withſtand;
Wiſdom, angels glorious theme;
Goodneſs, one eternal ſtream.

V.

Awful being! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd bleſſings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging paſſions ceaſe.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.*

"*Sun, moon, and ſtars, praiſe ye the Lord.*"

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praiſe

II.

Praiſe the creator of the ſkies,
Who dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his maker's praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

IV.

Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

V.

Ye ſtars that gild the evening ſky,
And cheer the gloomy face of night;
Praiſe him, who plac'd your orbs on high,
And out of darkneſs call'd up light.

VI.

O God of glory! God of love!
Thou art the ſun that makes our days;
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe!

HYMN XXV. *Proper Metre.*

Saints called upon to praiſe God.

I.

O Praiſe ye the Lord; prepare a new ſong,
And let all his ſaints in full concert join;
With voices united, the anthem prolong;
And ſhew forth his honours in muſic divine.

II.

Let praiſe to the God who made us aſcend,
Let each grateful heart exult in its king;
For God whom we worſhip our ſongs will attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

III.

Be joyful, ye ſaints, ſuſtain'd by his might,
And let your glad ſongs awake with each morn;
For thoſe who obey him are ſtill his delight;
His hand with ſalvation the meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praiſe ye the Lord; prepare a new ſong;
And let all his ſaints in full concert join;
With voices united, the anthem prolong:
And ſhew forth his honours in muſic divine.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI. *Proper Metre.*

The majeſty and condeſcenſion of God.

I.

YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where-e'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Let lands and ſeas his pow'r confeſs.

II.

God thro' the world extends his ſway:
The regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his glory are:
With him, whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

III.

He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do;
And bends his care to mortal things;
His ſov'reign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

HYMN XXVII. *Proper Metre.*

The works of creation and providence.

I.

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of Kings:
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

II.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

III.

His wiſdom fram'd the ſun
To crown the day with light!
The moon and twinkling ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

IV.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly king:
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

HYMN XXVIII. *Long Metre.*

All creatures dependant on God.

I.

VAST are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word;
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee;
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.

II.

The num'rous race of creatures ſtands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands;
And, while each takes his diff'rent food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good.

III.

But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign;
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all is thine.

Yet

IV.

Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.

V.

In thee our hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make our meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall our tongues employ,
'Till we expire in endleſs joy.

HYMN XXIX. *Proper Metre.*

God the creator and governor of the world.

I.

YE ſons of men in God rejoice;
Your maker's praiſe becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

II.

Juſtice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodneſs proves;
His word the heav'nly arches ſpread:
How wide they ſhine from north to ſouth!
And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all the ſtarry armies made.

He

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing ſeas;
Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their place
In the vaſt-ſtore houſe of the deep:
He ſpake and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and ſeas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlaſting orders keep.

IV.

Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

HYMN XXX. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God from the material creation.

I.

GREAT God, the heav'ns well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonders ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs pow'r and ſkill divine.

From

II.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

III.

Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journeys of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation hears their voice;
The ſun, in robes of ſplendour dreſt,
Breaks from the chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

IV.

Where e'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He ſmiles and ſpeaks his maker God:
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe;
Thy glories thro' creation ſhine;
Lord, we confeſs the work divine
And ſongs of cheerful homage raiſe.

HYMN XXXI. *Common Metre.*

The wiſdom of God in his works.

I.

SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To thee, Almighty God;
Thou haſt our heart, and thou our tongue,
To ſpread thy name abroad.

II.

How great the works thy hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in every age have ſought
Thy wonders with delight.

III.

How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' eternal mind!
Thy counſels never change the ſcheme
Which thy firſt thoughts deſign'd.

IV.

Nature and time, and earth, and ſkies,
Thy heavenly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe
But learn to read thy name?

V.

To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race
Who beſt obeys thy will.

HYMN XXXII. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to the Lord of Nature.

I.

O THOU, through all thy works ador'd,
Great pow'r ſupreme, Almighty Lord!
Author of life, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey!

II.

To thee, moſt high, to thee belong,
The ſuppliant pray'r, the joyful ſong;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

III.

Planets, thoſe wand'ring worlds above,
Guided by thee, inceſſant move;
Suns kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their maker ſhine.

IV.

From thee proceed heav'n's varied ſtore,
The changing wind, the fruitful ſhow'r,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow.

V.

Tempeſts obey thy mighty will;
Thy awful mandate to fulfill;
The forked light'nings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blaſt the ground.

Yet

VI.

Yet pleas'd to bleſs, kind to ſupply,
Thy hand ſupports thy family,
And foſters with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and ſea, and air.

HYMN XXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe for creation and providence.

I.

WE ſing the mighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

II.

We ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

III.

We ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes;
If we ſurvey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the ſkies,

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds ariſe, and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard;
We live beneath thine eye:
O may we ne'er forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*

The God of nature worſhipped.

I.

GREAT king ſupreme! all wiſe and good!
To thee our thoughts we raiſe,
While nature's beauties, wide diſplay'd,
Inſpire our ſouls with praiſe.

II.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With tranſports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry ſtar,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the face of riſing morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The ſunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thouſand beauties ſhine;
The ſilent grove, the awful ſhade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a conſtant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their cheerful notes they ſwell.
And chaunt their grateful ſong.

VI.

Great nature's God, ſtill may theſe ſcenes
Our ſerious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts conſult
Thy works inſtructive page.

HYMN XXXV. *Long Metre.*

God eternal and immutable.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majeſty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firſt foundation ſtands.

II.

But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages ſtood;
Himſelf the ever living God.

III.

For ever ſhall his throne endure;
His promiſe ſtands for ever ſure:
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

HYMN XXXVI. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to the ſupreme ruler and judge.

I.

O SING to the Lord a new ſong,
Let the univerſe join in the ſtrain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bleſs the kind pow'r,
From whom our ſalvation deſcends;
How great is the Lord we adore!
How rich are the bleſſings he ſends!

II.

In the beauty of holineſs bow;
O worſhip with fear and with love;
How ſolemn his temples below!
How glorious his preſence above!
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God the omnipotent reigns,
Whoſe righteouſneſs ſpace cannot bound,
Whoſe purpoſe unalter'd remains.

III.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad,
Old ocean ſhall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad.
Rejoice! for the Lord is at hand;
Prepare for his judgment is nigh:
Before him all nations ſhall ſtand:
No guilt from his juſtice can fly

HYMN XXXVII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God the creator.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold!

II.

From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round;
And ages, as they paſs, tranſmit
The never-dying ſound.

III.

Angels, the eldeſt ſons of light,
Began the lofty ſong:
They ſaw the heav'ns expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.

IV.

Then man, the laſt and nobleſt work
Of all this lower frame,
With the firſt vital breath he drew,
Confeſs'd from whence he came.

V.

Let men unite to praiſe their God,
Let them adore his name;
The wonders of his pow'r and love
Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

God known by his works.

I.

GREAT is our God; his works of might
To praiſe his glorious name unite;
Heav'n, earth and ſea confeſs his hand,
And wait obedient his command.

II.

His hand unſeen ſuſtains the poles
On which the vaſt creation rolls;
The ſtarry ſkies proclaim his pow'r,
His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r,

III.

In various ſhapes and colours riſe
Ten thouſand wonders to our eyes;
And beaſts, and birds, with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

IV.

Acroſs the waves, around the ſky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the creator had not trod,
And left the footſteps of a God.

HYMN XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

The Juſtice and goodneſs of God.

I.

GIVE thanks to God, the heav'nly king,
Whoſe mercies ſtill endure;
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing,
Whoſe truth is ever ſure.

II.

Thy juſtice, Lord, maintains its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd ſea.

III.

Safety to man thy goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the beaſt;
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings
Thy children love to reſt.

IV.

From thee when mortal ſtreams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual ſprings of life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our pleaſures high.

V.

Though all created light decay,
And death cloſe up our eyes,
Thy preſence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never riſe.

HYMN XL. *Proper Metre.*

Confidence in divine providence.

I.

THE Lord our paſture will prepare,
And feed us with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence will our wants ſupply,
And guard us with a watchful eye;
Our noon-day walks he will attend,
And all our midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe we faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
Our weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid' the verdant landſcapes flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death we tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
Our ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, are with us ſtill;
Thy friendly hand will give us aid,
And guide us through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds we ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall our pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With chearful greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.*

God our protector.

I.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And ſafe at night ſhall reſt his head.

II.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day;
He ſpreads the ev'ning vail, and keeps
The ſilent hours while nature ſleeps.

III.

Then will we ſay, "O God, thy pow'r
"Shall be our fortreſs, and our tow'r:
"We who are form'd of feeble duſt,
"Make thine almighty arm our truſt."

IV.

Up to the Lord we lift our eyes,
To him who reigns above the ſkies;
Safety and peace from him deſcend;
On him alone our hopes depend.

V.

He lives, the everlaſting God,
Who built the world, and ſpread the flood;
He lives, and, by his heav'nly care,
Preſerves our lives from ev'ry ſnare.

HYMN

HYMN XLII. *Proper Metre.*

Confidence in God our preſerver.

I.

UPWARD we lift our eyes;
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which we fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

II.

Our feet ſhall never ſlide,
Or fall in fatal ſnares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears;
Thoſe wakeful eyes,
Which never ſleep,
Our lives ſhall keep,
When dangers riſe.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blaſts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there:
Thou art our ſun,
And thou our ſhade,
To guard our head
By night or noon.

HYMN XLIII. *Common Metre.*

Thanks for private deliverance.

I.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhown?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

II.

Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My offerings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

III.

How much is mercy thy delight
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

IV.

How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here

VI.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.*

Preſervation by day and night.

I.

TO God, we lift our waiting eyes;
On him our hopes depend;
The Lord who built the earth and ſkies,
Is our almighty friend.

II.

Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he vouchſafes to keep:
His ear attends our humble call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

III.

He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
By his almighty arm;
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

IV.

Our ſouls rejoice and reſt ſecure,
Our keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For our eternal guard.

V.

Nor ſcorching ſun nor ſickly moon,
Without his leave can ſmite;
He ſhields our head from burning noon
From blaſting damps at night.

VI.

He guards our lives, he keeps our breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
We ſtand ſecure from threat'ning death
Till God commands us home.

HYMN XLV. *Long Metre.*

The univerſal providence of God.

I.

THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great creator's love proclaim:
He gives the ſun his genial pow'r,
And ſends the ſoft refreſhing ſhow'r.

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodneſs ſhown;
The tribes of earth, and ſea, and air,
Enjoy his univerſal care.

Not

IV.

Not ev'n a ſparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the ſtroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

HYMN XLVI. *Common Metre.*

God our conſtant benefactor.

I.

GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks ſhall raiſe;
Inſpire our hearts to tune the ſongs,
Which celebrate thy praiſe.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs;
Our time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever-preſent guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee deſcends.

IV.

Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings,
How ſweet is our repoſe!
The morning light renews the ſprings
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praiſe
We will employ our breath;
And, walking ſtedfaſt in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN XLVII. *Long Metre.*

The providential goodneſs of God.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

II.

Sing to the Lord; the juſt, the good;
He fills our hearts with joy and food;
He pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads our days with rich ſupplies.

III.

He ſends the ſun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.

'Tis

IV.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near eſcapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the ſtrong

V.

The wonders which his love hath wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Shou'd we attempt the long detail,
Our ſpeech wou'd faint, our numbers fail.

HYMN XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

Praiſe to God for all his mercies.

I.

O BLESS the Lord, our ſouls!
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to bleſs his name,
Whoſe favours are divine.

II.

O bleſs the Lord, our ſouls!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

III.

He fills the poor with food;
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And juſtice for th' oppreſt.

IV.

'Tis he forgives our ſins,
'Tis he relieves our pain,
'Tis he who heals our ſickneſſes,
And makes us young again.

V.

He crowns our lives with love,
When reſcued from the grave;
He that redeems our ſouls from death,
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

HYMN XLIX. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God through all the changes of life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Our father, and our God;
We'll ſing the honours of thy name,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

II.

In ev'ry period of our lives,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each tranſient ſcene,
And crown each paſſing year.

III.

In all theſe mercies may our ſouls
A father's bounty ſee;
Nor let the gifts thy grace beſtows
Eſtrange our hearts from thee.

Teach

IV.

Teach us in times of deep diſtreſs
To own thy hand, O God;
And in ſubmiſſive ſilence hear
The leſſons of thy rod.

V.

In ev'ry varying mortal ſtate,
Each bright and gloomy ſcene,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and ſerene.

VI.

Then will we cloſe our eyes in death
Without one anxious fear,
For death itſelf is life, O God,
If thou art with us there.

HYMN L. *Long Metre.*

God acknowledged in all our enjoyments.

I.

FATHER of light! we ſing thy name,
Who kindleſt up the lamp of day;
Wide as he ſpreads his cheering flame,
His beams thy pow'r and love diſplay.

II.

Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In plenteous drops the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills and thro' the meads,
Revives the graſs, and ſwells the grain.

Through

III.

Through the wide world thy bounties ſpread;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Deſpiſe thy law and ſlight thy grace.

IV.

Not ſo may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praiſe, ſtill aſk in pray'r,

V.

So ſhall our ſuns more grateful ſhine,
And ſhow'rs in richer drops ſhall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou our God, ador'd in all.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.*

The perfections and providence of God.

I.

WITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,
We'll praiſe our maker in our ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes we raiſe,
Approve the ſong and join the praiſe.

Angels,

II.

Angels who make his church their care,
Shall witneſs our devotion there;
While holy zeal directs our eyes,
To his fair temple in the ſkies.

III.

We bleſs our God, who reigns above,
Whoſe thoughts are kind, whoſe name is love;
Whoſe bounty through creation flows,
And life and bliſs on all beſtows.

IV.

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky;
He fix'd the ſtarry lights on high;
He fills the ſun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night.

V.

His goodneſs crowns each opening day;
His wiſdom guides our doubtful way;
He guards us by his pow'rful hand,
And brings us to his heav'nly land.

HYMN LII. *Long Metre.*

The conſtant providence of God.

I.

ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear;
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand ſupports and cheers the whole;
By thee the ſun is taught to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

III.

The flow'ry ſpring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn, and cheer the vine.

IV.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive hymns of praiſe:
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With morning light and evening ſhade.

V.

O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs:
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN LIII. *Long Metre.*

The goodneſs of God in the ſeaſons.

I.

GREAT God at whoſe all-pow'rful call,
At firſt aroſe this beauteous frame,
Thou bidſt the ſeaſons change, and all
The changing ſeaſons ſpeak thy name.

II.

Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter ſtorms recover'd, riſe;
When thouſand grateful ſcenes appear,
Freſh opening to our wond'ring eyes.

III.

The new delight how great, to ſee
The earth in vernal beauty dreſt,
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy opening beauty ſhines confeſt!

IV.

Aloft, full beaming, reigns the ſun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the ſeaſons on,
From thee derives his quickning rays.

V.

Around us from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine;
At thy command they riſe to yield
The ſtrengthning bread or cheering wine,

In-

VI.

Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous bleſſings largely flow:
We ſee; we taſte; let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN LIV. *Common Metre.*

The bleſſings of Spring.

I.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Viſits the paſtures ev'ry ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.

II.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

III.

The little hills, on ev'ry ſide,
Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs;
The meadows, dreſs'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

IV.

The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring;
The vallies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor labourers ſing.

The

V.

The various months God's goodneſs crowns;
How bounteous are his ways!
The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout his praiſe.

HYMN LV. *Common Metre.*

The ſeaſons of the year.

I.

WITH ſongs of honour ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

II.

He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

III.

His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wintry days appear.

IV.

His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

V.

He ſends his word, and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

VI.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With ſongs of honour ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

HYMN LVI. *Long Metre.*

The goodneſs of God in the ſeaſons of the year.

I.

JEHOVAH bids the morning ray,
Smile in the eaſt and bring the day
He guides the ſun's declining wheels
Over the tops of weſtern hills.

II.

Seaſons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To ſee the earth made ſoft with ſhow'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dreſt in flow'rs.

III.

The paſtures ſmile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in its language ſpeak his name.

His

IV.

His works pronounce his pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field his glories ſhine;
Through ev'ry month his gifts appear:—
Great God, thy goodneſs crowns the year.

HYMN LVII. *Proper Metre.*

Thankſgiving for fruitful Seaſons.

I.

REJOICE! the Lord is king!
Your Lord and king adore;
Mortals give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

II.

His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempeſts ruſh amain,
Yet his thick ſhow'rs of ſnow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

III.

He wakes the genial ſpring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promiſe of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

IV.

He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn:
O happy mortals raiſe your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

V.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
O bring th' eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praiſe:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in ſacred lays rejoice.

HYMN LVIII. *Long Metre.*

The one living and true God.

I.

ETERNAL God! Almighty cauſe
Of earth, and ſeas, and worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all, within itſelf, poſſeſs'd;
By none control'd in thy commands,
And in thyſelf completely bleſs'd.

Wor-

III.

Worſhip to thee alone belongs,
Worſhip to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our ſongs,
And to thy glory may we live.

IV.

Lord, ſpread thy name thro' heathen lands,
Their idle deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, the ſov'reign God alone.

HYMN LIX. *Long Metre.*

The all-ſeeing God.

I.

LORD thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine eye ſurveys, with piercing view,
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh with all their pow'rs.

II.

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or drive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there thy dreadful vengeance reigns.

III.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

IV.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

V.

O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where-e'er I roam, where-e'er I reſt:
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

HYMN LX. *Common Metre.*

God every where preſent.

I.

IN all my vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

II.

Thy penetrating ſight ſurveys
My riſing, and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

My

III.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

IV.

O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on every ſide.

V.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

HYMN LXI. *Common Metre.*

The peculiar goodneſs of God to the righteous.

I.

WITH pleaſing wonder, Lord, we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much beſtow'd, how much reſerv'd,
For thoſe who ſeek thy face.

II.

Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliſs,
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And, in the cov'nant of thy love,
They find diviner ſtore.

Thy

III.

Thy mercy hides their num'rous ſins,
And forms them for the ſky;
It crowns their lives with preſent joys,
And lifts their comforts high.

IV.

For them rich treaſures, yet unknown,
Are ſtor'd in worlds to come;
Peaceful and pleaſant is their way,
And happy is their home.

V.

What equal tribute can we pay?
Or how ſuch goodneſs own?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy ſervants hearts are known.

HYMN LXII. *Common Metre.*

The power and majeſty of God.

I.

WITH rev'rence let the ſaints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

II.

How wonderful thy glories be!
How bright thine armies ſhine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compar'd with thine?

The

III.

The northern pole and ſouthern reſt
On thy ſupporting hand;
Darkneſs and day, from eaſt to weſt,
Move round at thy command.

IV.

Juſtice and judgment are thy throne;
Yet wond'rous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

V.

Thrice happy are the ſouls who know
Their kind inviting voice;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
Who in thy name rejoice.

HYMN LXIII. *Proper Metre.*

The eternal dominion of God.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And heav'nly ſtate maintains;
His head with awful glories crown'd,
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

Upheld

II.

Upheld by thy commands
The world ſecurely ſtands;
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry ſky;
Eternal is thy kingdom Lord.

III.

Let angry nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage;
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky,
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madneſs down;
Thy throne for ever ſtands on high.

IV.

Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd, thy church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy ſaints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And ſing thine everlaſting love.

HYMN LXIV. *Common Metre.*

God eternal.

I.

RISE, riſe, our ſouls, and leave the ground,
Stretch all your thoughts abroad,
And call forth ev'ry tuneful ſound,
To praiſe th' eternal God.

II.

Long ere the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Ere men were form'd, or angels made,
The maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.

IV.

The earth and ſea muſt ſhrink away,
And flame melt down the ſkies;
But God ſhall live an endleſs day,
When this creation dies.

HYMN LXV. *Common Metre.*

The immutability of God.

I.

THRO' endleſs years thou art the ſame,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchleſs ſkill was made.

III.

Soon ſhall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be, like a veſture, laid aſide
And chang'd at thy command.

IV.

But thy perfections, all-divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlaſting ages ſhine,
With undiminiſh'd rays.

V.

Thy ſervants children, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To lateſt times thy favour ſhare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HYMN LXVI. *Long Metre.*

Nature periſhable, God eternal.

I.

MOONS, Planets, Suns that deck the ſky
Shine to the praiſe of God moſt high:
Their laſting luſtre he has giv'n,
To all the moving Hoſts of Heav'n.

II.

Yet even ſtars ſhall ceaſe to burn,
And to primœval night return;
Syſtems of worlds themſelves decay,
To him the inſects of a day.

III.

But he remains; and he ſhall give
Th' extinguiſh'd elements to live;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And ſtill extend the peopled whole.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.*

The power of God.

I.

'TWAS God who form'd the rolling ſpheres,
And ſtretch'd the boundleſs ſkies;
Who fix'd the plan of endleſs years,
And bade the ages riſe.

II.

From everlaſting is his might,
Immenſe and unconfin'd;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

III.

He bids, and nature's wheels ſtand ſtill,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forſakes its antient bound.

IV.

His mighty voice in thunder ſpeaks,
And rends the vaulted ſky;
Thro' the dark clouds the lightning breaks,
And tells the Godhead nigh.

V.

Ye worlds and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Mortals, pay homage to your king,
And own his ruling hand.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The divine Majeſty and Power.

I.

GIVE to the Lord, ye ſons of fame,
Give to the Lord, renown and pow'r;
Aſcribe due honour to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

II.

Jehovah, with an awful noiſe,
The wat'ry clouds aſunder breaks:
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When God from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

III.

How full of pow'r that voice appears,
With what majeſtic terror crown'd,
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round!

IV.

At his command the vapours riſe,
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roar;
He ſends forth torrents from the ſkies,
And tempeſts from his airy ſtore.

V.

The Lord is ſov'reign o'er the flood;
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
Our ſouls adore the mighty God,
And, fill'd with awe, his glories ſing.

HYMN LXIX. *Common Metre.*

The greatneſs of God.

I.

KEEP ſilence all created things,
And wait your maker's word;
My ſoul with humble rev'rence ſings
The honours of the Lord.

II.

The tribes of earth, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He ſits on no precarious throne
Nor borrows leave to *be*.

III.

Ten thouſand ages ere the ſkies
Were into motion brought,
All future years, and worlds to come,
Stood preſent to his thought.

IV.

His mighty voice bids ancient night
Her endleſs realms reſign:
And lo, ten thouſand worlds of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

His

V.

His wiſdom with ſuperior ſway
Guides the vaſt moving frame:
Whilſt all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

HYMN LXX. *Common Metre.*

The greatneſs of God.

I.

LONG as we live, we'll bleſs thy name,
O King, O God of love;
Our work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright world above.

II.

Thou, Lord, art great, thy pow'r unknown
And let thy praiſe be great;
We'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

III.

Thy grace ſhall dwell upon our tongues,
And while our lips rejoice,
The men who hear our ſacred ſongs,
Shall join their chearful voice.

IV.

Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

V.

The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

HYMN LXXI. *Long Metre.*

The goodneſs of God to the righteous.

I.

TO God the great, the ever-bleſt,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd;
His mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

II.

Who can recount his wond'rous deeds?
His greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds:
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

III.

Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his path ſurround,
Juſtice is his eternal ground.

O ren-

IV.

O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
And in your grateful hearts record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord.

HYMN LXXII. *Long Metre.*

God exalted above all praiſe.

I.

ETERNAL pow'r, whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds

II.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame;
Our tongues have learn'd to liſp thy name:
But oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind

III.

God is in heav'n and men below:
Short be our tunes, our words be few:
A ſacred rev'rence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The goodneſs of God.

I.

LORD, thou art good; all nature ſhews
Its mighty maker kind;
Thy bounty thro' creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

II.

Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims
Thine infinite good-will;
It ſhines in ſtars, and flows in ſtreams,
And burſts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It ſpreads through all the ſpreading main,
And through the heav'ns more wide;
It drops in gentle ſhow'rs of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

IV.

Long has it been diffus'd abroad,
Through years and ages paſt;
And its rich ſtores, all-bounteous God,
For ever ſtill ſhall laſt.

V.

High admiration let it raiſe,
And kind affections move;
Employ our tongues in ſongs of praiſe,
And fill our hearts with love!

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Perſonal mercies thankfully acknowledged.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence theſe comforts flow'd.

When

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PART SECOND.

VIII.

WHEN worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand, thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart;
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night,
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;—
But oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN LXXV. *Common Metre.*

The richeſs of the divine goodneſs.

I.

HOW rich thy favours God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they ſhine.

II.

God to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

The

III.

The ſongs of everlaſting years
That mercy ſhall attend,
Which leads, through ſuff'rings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

HYMN LXXVI. *Common Metre.*

Rejoicing in God.

I.

GOD is my portion and my joy;
His counſels are my light;
He gives me kind advice by day,
And guards my head by night.

II.

His hand provides my conſtant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good,
But more rejoice in hope.

III.

My ſoul wou'd all her thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing eye;
Nor death nor hell my hope ſhall move,
While ſuch a friend is nigh.

IV.

My ſteadfaſt heart all grief defies;
In death I will rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

God

V.

God will the paths of life diſplay,
Which to his preſence lead,
Where pleaſure flows without allay,
And joy ſhall never fade.

HYMN LXXVII. *Common Metre.*

God the univerſal benefactor.

I.

GOD of the univerſe, whoſe hand
Hath ſtrew'd with ſuns the fields of ſpace,
Round which, obeying thy command,
The peopled earths fulfil their race.

II.

How vaſt the region, where thy will
Exiſtence, form, and order gives!
Pleas'd the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

III.

Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below:
Thoſe praiſe thee beſt, whoſe boſoms burn
To ſpread the gifts from thee that flow.

IV.

So, at the awful hour of change,
Our ſouls the bands of death ſhall tear,
Thro' the whole ſtarry vaſt to range
Thy bounty to admire, and ſhare.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God in proſperity and adverſity.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ:
For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's uſe.

II.

All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land:
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores:
Theſe to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our bleſſings flow;
And for theſe, our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

Ye

III.

Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-trees blaſted ſhoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore:
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall
And the herds deſert their ſtall;

IV.

Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blaſt each op'ning bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy;
Yet to thee our ſouls ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And when ev'ry bleſſing's flown,
Love thee for thyſelf alone.

HYMN LXXIX. *Common Metre.*

The goodneſs of God.

I.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, our heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

III.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

IV.

Thou, Lord, art kind; freſh acts of grace
Thy pity ſtill ſupplies;
Thine anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
Thy willing mercy flies.

V.

Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

HYMN LXXX. *Long Metre.*

The providential goodneſs of God.

I.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break thro' ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy deſigns.

II.

For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Great are the wonders of thine hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

III.

Thy mercy makes the earth its care;
Thy providence is kind and large:
Angels and men thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge.

IV.

Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance may the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And in thy ſure protection truſt?

V.

Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
And there enjoy a rich repaſt;
There drink as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

The condeſcending goodneſs of God to men.

I.

O LORD, how glorious is thy name,
Through all the earth's extended frame!
Majeſtic ſplendors form thy ſeat,
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

II.

When to the wonders of the ſkies
Upward we raiſe our raptur'd eyes;
The ſilver moon, the ſtarry train,
Which gild the bright etherial plain;

III.

Lord, what is man! that he ſhou'd ſhare
Thy notice, thine indulgent care?
That man! frail child of earth, ſhou'd be
A fav'rite of the Deity?

IV.

His rank thy forming hand deſign'd
But juſt below th' angelic kind;
Inveſted him with pow'r and ſway,
And made the ſubject brutes obey.

V.

O Lord, how glorious is thy name,
Through all the earth's extended frame!
Majeſtic ſplendors form thy ſeat,
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXII. *Proper Metre.*

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

I.

WE'LL praiſe our maker with our breath;
And when our voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ our nobler pow'rs:
Our days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

II.

Happy the men whoſe hopes rely
On nature's God; he made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas with all their train;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure,
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

III.

The Lord hath ſight to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

He

IV.

He loves the good, he knows them well;
His love their joyful lips ſhall tell;
The living God for ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The daily goodneſs of God.

I.

GREAT God! how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtill like early dew.

II.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours,
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
To thee we conſecrate our days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

God's goodneſs new ev'ry morning and evening.

I.

GREAT God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the roſy dawn of day
Thy lofty praiſes ſing.

II.

Thou round the heav'nly arch doſt draw
A dark and ſable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

III.

Again, the ſky with golden beams
Thy ſkilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful ſplendour gay
The fair aſcending morn.

IV.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or ſmiling day renews,
Thy conſtant goodneſs, ſtill, my ſoul
With benefits purſues.

V.

For this will I my vows to thee
With evening incenſe bring;
And at the roſy dawn of day
Thy lofty praiſes ſing.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXV. *Long Metre.*

The greatneſs of God.

I.

OUR ſouls adore the ſov'reign Lord,
Whoſe glorious empire knows no bounds;
Whoſe throne, eſtabliſh'd by his word,
Eternal majeſty ſurrounds.

II.

He makes the light his royal robe,
And dazzling glories veil his ſeat;
He ſpreads heav'n's curtains round the globe,
To form his canopy of ſtate.

III.

The beams of his imperial throne
Are laid on high in liquid air;
And, when he makes his glory known,
Clouds form his bright triumphant car.

IV.

He bids the ſtorms obey his word,
And wait to form his awful train;
And, while the winds confeſs their Lord,
Walks on their rapid wings ſerene.

Angelic

V.

Angelic hoſts, like living flame,
Around his throne with rev'rence ſtand;
Or ſwift as thought, his will proclaim,
And execute his high command.

VI.

While angels ſpread his praiſe abroad,
Let ev'ry diſtant region hear;
Let earth adore her mighty God,
And humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre.*

Confidence in the promiſes of God.

I.

WE ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as firm as his decrees,
Hath ſet his kindeſt promiſes.

II.

O for a ſtrong, a laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith;
Receive the meſſage of his ſon,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

III.

Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our ſteady ſouls would fear, no more
Than ſolid rocks, when billows roar.

Our

IV.

Our everlaſting hopes ſhall riſe
Above the ruinable ſkies;
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r ſuſtains.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

The compaſſion of God.

I.

O THOU, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Who doſt our cares controul,
And with the cheerful ſmile of peace
Revive the fainting ſoul!

II.

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry ſigh,
Or ſupplicate in vain?

III.

Oppreſs'd with grief and ſhame, diſſolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms our reſtleſs doubts,
And diſſipates our fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreſhing grace
Our ſinking hearts receive;
Thy gentleſt beſt lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

The mercy of God.

I.

THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

II.

Not half ſo high his pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt hopes we raiſe.

III.

Not half ſo far hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt,
As his forgiving grace removes
The guilt of thoſe his heart approves.

IV.

The mighty God, the wiſe and juſt,
Knows that our frame is feeble duſt;
And will no heavy load impoſe,
Beyond the ſtrength which he beſtows.

V.

He knows how ſoon our nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

VI.

But his eternal love is ſure
To upright ſouls, and ſhall endure;
From age to age his truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

The wiſdom of God in the formation of Man.

I.

WHEN we with pleaſing wonder ſtand
And all our frame ſurvey;
Lord, 'tis thy work; we own the hand
That form'd our humble clay.

II.

Thy hand our heart and reins poſſeſs'd,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wiſdom all our features trac'd,
And all our members drew.

III.

Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire, and wind,
Shew us thy wond'rous ſkill;
But we review ourſelves, and find
Diviner wonders ſtill.

IV.

Thy pow'r and goodneſs round us ſhine;
Our form thy wiſdom ſhews;
Our ſouls adore the hand divine,
Whence ev'ry bleſſing flows.

Lord,

V.

Lord, when we count thy mercies o'er,
They ſtrike us with ſurprize;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

HYMN XC. *Common Metre.*

The Goodneſs of God in the creation of Man.

I.

THY wiſdom, pow'r and goodneſs Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But moſt thy praiſe ſhould man record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care.

II.

From thee the breath of life we drew;
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy loving kindneſs ever new,
Our tender frame ſuſtains.

III.

Thy providence our conſtant guard
When threat'ning ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours ſend.

IV.

Yet nobler favours claim our praiſe
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

V.

All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.*

God our Shepherd.

I.

OUR ſhepherd is the living Lord;
Our wants ſhall all be well ſupply'd:
His providence and holy word
Become our ſafety and our guide.

II.

In paſtures where ſalvation grows
He makes us feed, he makes us reſt;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely bleſt.

III.

Our wand'ring feet his ways miſtake
But he reſtores our ſouls to peace,
And leads us for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

IV.

Though we walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;
Our ſtedfaſt hope ſhall never fail,
For God our ſhepherd's with us there.

Amidſt

V.

Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
He is our comfort, he our ſtay;
His ſtaff ſupports our feeble ſteps;
His rod directs our doubtful way.

VI.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his children all their days:
Then ſhall his houſe be our abode,
And all our work be pray'r and praiſe.

HYMN XCII. *Common Metre.*

God our conſtant preſerver.

I.

HOSANNAH, with a cheerful ſound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

II.

The evening reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

III.

The riſing morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day;
For death ſtands ready at the door
To make our lives his prey.

IV.

God is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings;
Our feeble frames lie ſafe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

HYMN XCIII. *Proper Metre.*

God univerſally worſhipped.

I

LET all the earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhew,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

II.

He fram'd the earth, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majeſty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

III.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall know his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then ſhall the race of men confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

HYMN XCIV. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to the righteous governor of the world.

I.

THE righteous Lord for ever reigns,
And fills his holy throne above;
Juſtice and truth he ſtill maintains,
And ſaves the people of his love.

II.

The men who know his glorious name
Will truſt in his abounding grace;
For none were ever put to ſhame
Who humbly ſought their maker's face.

III.

Sing praiſes to the heavenly king,
Ye ſaints, with whom he loves to dwell;
And, while his courts with praiſes ring,
To all the world his wonders tell.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre.*

Good the ſource of life to all creatures

I.

ARRAY'D in majeſty divine,
What pow'r and glory, Lord, are thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head,
The heav'ns their ample curtain ſpread.

From

II.

From thee all creatures ſeek ſupply;
To thee they lift the aſking eye,
And reap from thine extended hand
Whate'er their various wants demand.

III.

If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them ſicken, faint, and die;
Duſt to its kindred duſt returns,
And earth her ruin'd offſpring mourns.

IV.

But ſoon thy breath her loſs ſupplies;
She ſees a new-born race ariſe;
And o'er her regions ſcatter'd wide,
Thy bounteous hand its gifts divide.

V.

In never-ceaſing ſtrains, our tongues
To God ſhall pay our grateful ſongs;
And let conſenting nations join
To bleſs with us the pow'r divine.

HYMN XCVI. *Long Metre.*

The divine perfections celebrated.

I.

O GOD, our king, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of our days;
Thy grace employ our humble tongues,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſongs.

The

II.

The wings of every hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

III.

Thy truth and juſtice we'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endleſs ſtream;
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.

IV.

Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe:
And unborn ages make our ſongs
The joy and labour of their tongues.

V.

But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds:
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways;
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

HYMN XCVII. *Short Metre.*

The inſtructions of nature and revelation.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty ſky
Declares its maker God;
And all his ſtarry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

II.

The darkneſs and the light
Still keep their courſe the ſame;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

III.

In every diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They ſpeak the wonders of his hand,
The orders of his throne.

IV.

He bids the morning-ſun
Begin his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run
And light and life convey.

V.

But where he ſends his word,
He ſpreads diviner light;
There ſinners learn to know the Lord,
And guide their ſteps aright.

His

VI.

His laws are juſt and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And his rewards are great.

HYMN XCVIII. *Short Metre.*

Univerſal praiſe to God.

I.

THY name, Almighty Lord!
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands:
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

II.

Far by thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure;
'Till morning light, and evening ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

HYMN XCIX. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to God thro' the whole of our exiſtence.

I.

GOD of my life, thro' all its days,
My grateful pow'rs ſhall found thy praiſe,
The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and ſilent night.

II.

When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſes, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.

III.

When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

IV.

But oh! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

Soon

V.

Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo through the heav'nly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The nobler ſpirits round thy throne.

VI.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;
A work ſo ſweet, a theme ſo high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN C. *Short Metre.*

The pleaſures of religion.

I.

COME ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong of ſweet accord,
And thus approach his throne.

II.

The ſorrows of the mind,
Be baniſh'd from this place!
Religion never was deſign'd,
To make our pleaſures leſs.

III.

God our eternal friend,
No preſent good denies;
And, when our mortal courſe ſhall end,
Will call us to the ſkies.

IV.

There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never more ſhall ſin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

HYMN CI. *Long Metre.*

Religion our ſupport under public troubles.

I.

GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

II.

Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep and bury'd there:
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore,
Trembles and dreads the ſwelling tide.

IV.

'Midſt ſtorms and tempeſts, Lord, thy word,
Doth all our raging fears controul;
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And well ſuſtain the fainting ſoul.

HYMN

HYMN CII. *Long Metre.*

A general act of praiſe.

I.

BE thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

II.

In thee alone are all the ſprings,
Of boundleſs love and grace unknown:
All the rich bleſſings nature brings,
Are gifts deſcending from thy throne.

III.

High o'er the earth thy goodneſs reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
Thy truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

IV.

Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell,
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN CIII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God in life and death.

I.

OUR ſouls ſhall praiſe thee, gracious God,
Through all our mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vaſt, thy boundleſs praiſe.

II.

In every ſmiling happy hour,
Be this our ſweet employ;
Thy praiſe refines each earthly bliſs,
And heightens ev'ry joy.

III.

When gloomy care, and keen diſtreſs,
Afflict our throbbing breaſt,
Our tongues ſhall learn to ſpeak thy praiſe,
And lull each pain to reſt.

IV.

Nor ſhall our tongues alone proclaim
The honours of our God;
Our lives, with all their active pow'rs,
Shall ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

V.

And when theſe lips ſhall ceaſe to move,
When death ſhall cloſe theſe eyes,
Then ſhall our ſouls to nobler heights
Of joy and tranſport riſe.

Then

VI.

Then ſhall our powers in endleſs ſtrains,
Their grateful tributes pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

HYMN CIV. *Common Metre.*

Divine condeſcenſion to human affairs.

I.

TO God who reigns above the ſkies,
And views the nations from afar;
Let everlaſting praiſes riſe,
And tell how large his bounties are.

II.

He who can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or by his word, or by his rod;
His goodneſs how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

III.

God, who muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do;
Down to our earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downward too.

IV.

He over rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the king of kings,
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

V.

O could our thankful hearts deviſe,
A tribute equal to his grace;
Up to the heav'ns our ſongs ſhou'd riſe,
And teach angelic minds his praiſe.

HYMN CV. *Long Metre.*

Joy in the ſupreme government of God.

I.

ABOVE earth's potentates enthron'd,
Jehovah dwells exalted high;
Supreme by other gods is own'd,
And reigns unrival'd in the ſky.

II.

Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade,
His dazling glory ſhroud in ſtate:
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

III.

The ſov'reign king loves upright ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds,
The men who his own image bear.

IV.

The ſeeds of endleſs life are ſown,
A glorious harveſt for the juſt;
To them his favours ſhall be ſhewn,
He'll recompenſe their pious truſt.

Rejoice

V.

Rejoice, ye righteous, iu the Lord,
In ſongs of praiſe your joy expreſs;
Deep in your thankful hearts record,
Memorials of his holineſs.

HYMN CVI. *Long Metre.*

The mercies of God gratefully acknowledged.

I.

BLESS, O our ſouls, the God of grace,
His favours claim your higheſt praiſe:
Let all our inmoſt pow'rs record
The boundleſs mercy of the Lord.

II.

Divinely free his goodneſs flows,
Forgives our ſins, allays our woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns us with a father's love.

III.

Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His hand ſuſtains our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouths with food,
And feeds our hopes with heav'nly good.

IV.

While all his works his praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his name;
O let our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Attend and join their ſacred ſongs.

HYMN CVII. *Common Metre.*

The condeſcenſion of God.

I.

AMIDST the heav'nly pow'rs ſublime,
God's throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity he hears,
The praiſes of the ſky.

II.

Yet looking down, he viſits oft,
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis his delight to dwell:

III.

The down-caſt ſpirit to revive,
The ſorrowful to cheer;
And, from the bed of duſt, the man,
Of contrite heart to rear.

IV.

With him dwells no relentleſs wrath,
Againſt the human race:
The men, whom he has form'd, ſhall find,
A refuge in his grace.

HYMN CVIII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God, not to Idols.

I.

AWAKE, ye ſaints, to praiſe your king,
Your nobleſt paſſions raiſe;
Your pious pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the praiſe.

II.

Great is the Lord, and works unknown,
Are his divine employ;
But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy.

III.

Heav'n, earth, and ſea confeſs his hand,
He bids the vapours riſe;
Light'ning and ſtorm, at his command,
Sweep through the ſounding ſkies.

IV.

All pow'r that kings or Gods have claim'd,
Is found in him alone;
Let Idol-Gods no more be nam'd,
Where our Jehovah's known.

Ye

V.

Ye righteous, praiſe the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes his churches his abode,
And claims your homage there.

HYMN CIX. *Common Metre.*

The compaſſion of God.

I.

LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

II.

When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſs'd,
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

III.

Thy grace ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

Thou

IV.

Thou know'ſt the pain thy ſervants feel,
Thou know'ſt thy children's cry;
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

V.

Thy mercy never will remove,
From men of heart ſincere;
From thoſe whoſe fervent humble love,
Is join'd with holy fear.

HYMN CX. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to God in his houſe.

I.

IN God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

II

Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds;
But the great work of ſaving love,
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

III.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your maker bleſt;
Yet when our voice expires in death,
Our ſouls ſhall praiſe him beſt.

HYMN

HYMN CXI. *Short Metre.*

The mercy of God to frail Men.

I.

GREAT God, we ſing thy praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to uſe,
So ready to abate.

II.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd,
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of thy grace,
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

III.

Thy pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And thy forgiving love;
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.

IV.

Thy pity, gracious Lord,
To thoſe who fear thy name;
Is ſuch as tender parents feel,
Thou know'ſt their feeble frame.

V.

Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But

VI.

But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And ages yet unborn ſhall find
Thy promis'd mercy ſure.

HYMN CXII. *Common Metre.*

Daily and nightly devotion.

I.

YE that obey th' immortal king,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous grace.

II.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And ſend your ſouls on high;
Raiſe your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the ſtarry ſky.

III.

The God of mercy cheers our hearts
With rays of heav'nly grace;
The God who ſpread the ſkies abroad;
And rules the ſwelling ſeas.

HYMN CXIII. *Short Metre.*

Seeking the favour of God.

I.

O God permit my tongue,
This joy, to call thee mine:
And let my earneſt cries prevail,
To taſte thy love divine.

II.

For life, without thy love,
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

III.

To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praiſe thee while I live:
Not all the joys the world affords,
Such heart-felt pleaſure give.

IV.

In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

V.

Since thou haſt been my help,
To thee my ſpirit flies;
And, on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

VI.

The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

HYMN CXIV. *Long Metre.*

An exhortation to praiſe God.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord; let praiſe employ,
In his own courts, your ſongs of joy;
The ſpacious firmament around,
Shall echo back the joyful ſound.

II.

Recount his works in ſtrains divine;
His wond'rous works how bright they ſhine!
Praiſe him for his almighty deeds,
Whoſe greatneſs all your thoughts exceeds.

III.

Let all, whom life and breath inſpire,
Attend and join the bliſsful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Love, and adore your ſov'reign Lord.

HYMN CXV. *Proper Metre.*

Univerſal praiſe.

I.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praiſe to thee from ev'ry tongue:
Join our ſouls! with ev'ry creature,
Join the univerſal ſong.

II.

For ten thouſand bleſſings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Sound his praiſe thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praiſe on high.

HYMN CXVI. *Common Metre.*

Univerſal prayer.

I.

FATHER of all in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd;
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
The univerſal Lord.

II.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What

III.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away:
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan,
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand,
Preſume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

VI.

If I am right thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find that better way.

PAUSE.

VII.

SAVE me, O God, from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent;
At aught thy wiſdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs ſent.

VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me.

IX.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath:
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

X.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

XI.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

HYMN

HYMN CXVII. *Common Metre.*

The perfections of God displayed in his works.

I.

THE Lord is great; his works of might,
Demand our nobleſt ſongs;
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite,
Their harmony of tongues.

II.

How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in every age have ſought,
His wonders with delight.

III.

How moſt exact is nature's frame,
How wiſe th' eternal mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme,
Which his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

IV.

His ſon, the great redeemer, came,
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure.

HYMN CXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Deſire of holineſs.

I.

O That the Lord would guide our ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that our God would grant us grace,
To know and do his will!

II.

O ſend thy ſpirit down to write,
Thy law upon our heart!
Nor let our tongues indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

III.

Order our footſteps by thy word,
And make our hearts ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep the conſcience clear.

IV.

Our ſouls have gone too far aſtray,
Our feet too often ſlip;
Yet, ſince we've not forgot thy way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep.

V.

Teach us to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor ever let our hearts, or hands,
Offend againſt our God.

HYMN CXIX. *Common Metre.*

Sincerity and perſeverance in religion.

I.

THOU art our portion, O our God,
Soon as we know thy way;
We haſten to obey thy word,
And ſuffer no delay.

II.

We chooſe the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in our choice;
Not all the riches of the earth,
Could make us ſo rejoice.

III.

The teſtimonies of thy grace,
We ſet before our eyes;
Thence we derive our daily ſtrength,
And there our comfort lies.

IV.

If once we wander from thy path,
We think upon our ways;
Then turn our feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning grace.

V.

Now we are thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervants, Lord;
Thou art our ſhield, our hiding-place,
Our hope is in thy word.

Thou

VI.

Thou haſt inclin'd thy ſervants hearts,
Thy ſtatutes to fulfill;
And thus, till mortal life ſhall end,
Would we perform thy will.

HYMN CXX. *Short Metre.*

Thanks for divine aid.

I.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our ſaviour and our king;
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care;
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

III.

He will preſent our ſouls,
Unblemiſh'd and compleat;
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the pious race,
Shall meet around his throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

For

V.

For to our saviour God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN CXXI. *Long Metre.*

Prayer for divine assistance.

I.

OH! source of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night;
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

II.

Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

III.

Purge and refine our earthly parts;
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts:
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul.

Chase

IV.

Chaſe from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow:
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

HYMN CXXII. *Long Metre.*

Prayer for divine wiſdom.

I.

TEACH me, O gracious Lord, thy way,
That to my life's remoteſt day,
By thine unerring precepts led,
My willing feet thy paths may tread.

II.

Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight;
That, rais'd above the world, my mind,
In thee its higheſt good may find.

III.

O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quick'ning ſtrength ſupply;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer,
A heart devoted to thy fear.

IV.

Inform'd by thee, with ſacred awe,
My heart ſhall meditate thy law;
And, with celeſtial wiſdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

Thy

V.

Thy precepts, juſt, and wiſe, and true,
My ſteps unwearied ſhall purſue;
Well-pleas'd, the dictates of thy will,
To life's laſt period I'll fulfill.

HYMN CXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Confidence in God our father.

I.

O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In ev'ry act appear.

II.

With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants ſupply;
Thy heav'nly bleſſings ſtill impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

In thy parental love and care,
With cheerful hearts we truſt;
Thy tender mercies boundleſs are,
And all thy thoughts are juſt.

IV.

We cannot want while God provides;
What he ordains is beſt;
And heav'n whate'er we want beſides,
Will give eternal reſt.

HYMN CXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Dependance on God thro' every ſtage of life.

I.

O God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrength'ned all my youth.

II.

Still has my life new mercies ſeen,
With each returning year:
Behold the days that yet remain;
I truſt them to thy care.

III.

Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy goodneſs ſhine
When-e'er thy ſervant dies.

IV.

Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

HYMN CXXV. *Long Metre.*

Confidence in God, not in creatures.

I.

OUR ſpirits look to God alone,
Our rock and refuge is his throne;
In ev'ry fear, in ev'ry ſtrait,
Our ſouls on his ſalvation wait.

II.

Falſe are the men of high degree,
The meaner ſort are vanity;
Both, in the ſcale of truth, appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

III.

Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your hearts on glitt'ring duſt:
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God hath ſpoke?

IV.

Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again our ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too."

V.

For ſov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well appoint our laſt reward.

HYMN CXXVI. *Long Metre.*

Chearful reliance on providence.

I.

GREAT Lord of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Thy wealth the needy world ſupplies:
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

II.

The waſtes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy ſtills tempeſtuous cares;
And ſafe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live ſecur'd from ev'ry harm.

III.

To thee we cheerful homage bring,
In grateful hymns thy praiſes ſing;
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for freſh ſupplies.

We

IV.

We ſtill are indigent and poor,
Indebted much, and wanting more;
Yet ſtill on thee our ſouls depend,
The rich, the ſure, the faithful friend.

V.

And ſhould thy meaſures ſeem ſevere,
With patience we'll correction bear;
Without complaint to thee ſubmit,
Unerring judge of what is fit.

HYMN CXXVII. *Common Metre.*

Acquieſcence in the will of God.

I.

AUTHOR of good, we reſt on thee,
Thine ever-watchful eye;
Alone our real wants can ſee,
Thy hand alone ſupply.

II.

In thine all-gracious providence,
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy pow'r be our defence,
Thy love our footſteps guide.

III.

And ſince, by paſſions force ſubdu'd,
Too oft with ſtubborn will,
We blindly ſhun the latent good,
And graſp the ſpecious ill;

IV.

Not what we wiſh, but what we want,
Let mercy ſtill ſupply;
The good unaſk'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, tho' aſk'd, deny.

HYMN CXXVIII. *Proper Metre.*

Contentment.

I

IF ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world hath nothing to beſtow;
From our own-ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And peace begins at home.

II.

We'll therefore reliſh, with content,
What-e'er kind providence hath ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
And, if our ſtore be very ſmall,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

We'll

III.

We'll be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
This is the wiſe, the virtuous part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance reaches heav'n.

IV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

HYMN CXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Submiſſion under Afflictions.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And roſe to life at firſt;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the duſt.

II.

'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them to the grave;
He gives, and bleſſed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

Peace,

III.

Peace, all our reſtleſs paſſions, then,
Let each impatient ſigh;
Be ſilent, at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

IV.

If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too,
Which ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN CXXX. *Common Metre.*

Submiſſion to Providence.

I.

O Lord my beſt deſires fulfil,
And help me to reſign;
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

II.

Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

No,

III.

No, let me rather freely yield,
What moſt I prize, to thee;
Who never haſt a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

HYMN CXXXI. *Short Metre.*

The unreaſonableneſs of Anxiety.

I.

WHY ſhould we thus perplex,
Our life, a breath of air;
With fears of diſtant ills, and vex,
Our hearts with fruitleſs care?

II.

Can thought and toil increaſe,
Our day's appointed ſum?
Why waſte we then our health, and peace,
To hoard for years to come?

III.

Will he, whoſe bounty gave,
Our life, its food deny?
Who form'd our nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not ſupply?

Then

IV.

Then let to-morrow's cares,
Until to-morrow ſtay:
The trouble which to-day appears,
Suffices for to-day.

HYMN CXXXII. *Common Metre.*

Truſt in God through life.

I.

FATHER divine, before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No diſtance can elude thy ſearch,
No action 'ſcape thine eye.

II.

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care;
And vig'rous youth and feeble age,
Thy kind protection ſhare.

III.

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaſeleſs bounty flows;
Oppreſt with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repoſe.

IV.

To thee we look, thou pow'r ſupreme,
O ſtill our wants ſupply;
Safe in thy preſence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

HYMN

HYMN CXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Holineſs the foundation of happineſs.

I.

HOW bleſt are they who ſtrictly keep,
The pure and perfect way:
Who dare not from the ſacred paths
Of God's commandments ſtray!

II.

How bleſt the men who fear his name,
And fly from ev'ry ſin;
Whoſe ſouls, with fervent humble zeal,
His favour ſeek to win!

III.

Great is their peace who love his law;
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.

IV.

To meditate thy precepts Lord,
Shall be our pleaſure ſtill;
Our active pow'rs ſhall all unite
To do thine holy will.

V.

With fervent zeal we ſeek thy face,
O let us never ſtray;
From the fair paths of righteouſneſs,
Nor tread the ſinners way!

Then

VI.

Then ſhall our hearts have inward joy,
And ſwell with pious praiſe;
When all thy ſtatutes we obey,
And honour all thy ways.

HYMN CXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Integrity and piety the ſupport of good men.

I.

THE righteous Lord loves upright ſouls,
He marks them for his own;
And, when he hears their humble pray'r,
Bends from his gracious throne.

II.

Then will we fear his ſacred name,
Nor dare oppoſe his will;
Commune in ſecret with our hearts,
And bid each thought be ſtill.

III.

And while our willing hands preſent,
This off'ring to the Lord;
Our ſouls defy each threat'ning ill,
And truſt his faithful word.

IV.

While thouſands ſearch for bliſs on earth,
And ſearch, alas! in vain;
Be ours the joys his favour gives,
Let us his ſmiles obtain.

One

V.

One ſmile from thee, O gracious God,
Bids ev'ry pow'r rejoice;
Not all the pleaſures earth can yield,
Shou'd change our happy choice.

HYMN CXXXV. *Common Metre.*

Virtue the ſource of peace.

I.

LEAVE, O our ſouls the tents of ſin,
How falſe her joys appear!
Noiſe and confuſion dwell within,
Peace is a ſtranger there.

II.

Peace never fix'd her ſacred throne,
So near the gates of hell;
She reigns in pious breaſts alone,
Where heav'nly virtues dwell.

III.

The men who keep the laws of God,
His choiceſt bleſſings ſhare;
Or if he lifts his chaſt'ning rod,
'Tis with a father's care.

IV.

His mighty pow'r ſhall guard the juſt,
His wiſdom point their way;
His eye ſhall watch their ſleeping duſt,
His hand revive their clay.

V.

Begin, ye ſaints, the joyful taſk,
His praiſe employ your tongue;
And ſoon eternity will aſk,
A more exalted ſong.

HYMN CXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

The temptations of human life.

I.

WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below;
Honour, and gold, and ſenſual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

II.

The pleaſures that allure the ſenſe,
Are dang'rous ſnares to ſouls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowls.

III.

God is our all-ſufficient good,
Our portion and our choice;
In him our vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all our powr's rejoice.

IV.

In vain the world accoſts our ear,
And tempts our hearts anew;
We cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

The happy end of righteous men.

I.

O God, the ſteps of pious men,
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

II.

The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

III.

The heav'nly heritage is their's,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs,
Of bleſſings long to come.

IV.

Mark well the men of righteouſneſs,
Their ſev'ral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs thro' all their ways,
And peaceful is their end.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The comforts of Religion.

I.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears,
An univerſal ſhade:

II.

Religion's dictates can aſſuage,
The tempeſt of the ſoul;
And ev'ry ſtorm ſhall ceaſe to rage,
At her divine controul.

III.

Through life's bewilder'd darkſome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray,
A cheering luſtre ſheds.

IV.

When feeble reaſon tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpleſs and afraid;
Thou bleſt ſupporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!

O let

V.

O let our hearts confeſs thy pow'r,
And find thy ſweet relief;
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And ſoften ev'ry grief.

HYMN CXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

I.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents,
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners ways, nor ſits,
Where men profanely talk:

II.

But makes the perfect law of God,
His ſtudy and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night!

III.

He'll flouriſh ſtill, like ſome fair tree,
With waters near its root;
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

IV.

Not ſo the impious and unjuſt,
They no ſuch bleſſings find;
Their hopes ſhall flee, like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

V.

No hypocrite ſhall dare to ſtand,
Before God's judgment-ſeat;
When all the ſaints, at his right hand,
In full aſſembly meet.

VI.

For God approves the good man's ways,
To happineſs they tend;
But ſinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

HYMN CXL. *Common Metre.*

Secret devotion.

I.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye,
Looks through the ſhades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

There

II.

There ſhall that piercing eye ſurvey,
Our humble worſhip paid;
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's ſhade.

III.

We'll leave behind each earthly care,
To thee our ſouls ſhall ſoar;
While grateful praiſe, and fervent pray'r,
Employ the ſilent hour.

IV.

So ſhall the ſun in ſmiles ariſe,
The day ſhall cloſe in peace;
So wilt thou train us to the ſkies,
Where joy ſhall never ceaſe.

HYMN CXLI. *Long Metre.*

Family devotion.

I.

FATHER of men, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand,
Their root and branches are ſuſtain'd.

To

II.

To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell,
With ſaints, in their obſcureſt cell.

III.

To thee let each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows:
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim,
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

HYMN CXLII. *Common Metre.*

The advantages of earthly Piety.

I.

HAPPY is he whoſe early years,
Receive inſtruction well;
Who hates the ſinners path, and fears,
The road that leads to hell.

For

II.

For youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleaſing in his eyes;
A flower when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain ſacrifice.

III.

It reſcues from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns ſucceeding years,
And makes our virtue ſtrong.

IV.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our hearts we now reſign;
Our joy at the laſt hour ſhall be
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN CXLIII. *Common Metre.*

For the Lord's day morning.

I.

LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear,
Our ſongs aſcend the ſkies;
To thee will we direct our pray'r,
To thee lift up our eyes.

Thou

II.

Thou art a God before whoſe ſight,
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

III.

But to thy houſe will we reſort,
To taſte thy mercy there;
We will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

IV.

O may thy ſpirit guide our feet,
In ways of righteouſneſs;
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtraight,
And plain before our face.

V.

The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
Thou mighty God, will compaſs them,
With favour as a ſhield.

HYMN CXLIV. *Common Metre.*

Delight in public worſhip.

I.

HOW did our hearts rejoice to hear,
Our friends devoutly ſay,
" In *Zion* let us all appear,
" And keep the ſolemn day!"

II.

We love her gates, we love the road,
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To ſhew his milder face.

III.

Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants bleſt.

IV.

Our ſouls ſhall pray for *Zion* ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There our beſt friends, our kindred dwell,
There God our ſaviour reigns.

HYMN CXLV. *Long Metre.*

The pleaſures of public devotion.

I.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hoſts, thy dwellings are!
With long deſire our ſpirit faints,
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

II.

Bleſt are the ſouls, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne of majeſty;
Thy brighteſt glories ſhine above,
And all their work is praiſe and love.

III.

Happy are they, who find a place,
Within the temples of thy grace;
There they behold thy milder rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

IV.

Happy the men, whoſe purpoſe ſtands,
To keep the way of thy commands;
Thou art their guide, and thro' the road,
They reſt upon their helper, God.

Cheer-

V.

Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrength,
'Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

HYMN CXLVI. *Proper Metre.*

The pleaſures of public devotion.

I.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair;
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
Our hearts aſpire,
With warm deſire
To ſee our God.

II.

O happy ſouls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay,
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill,
And happy they
Who love the way
To *Zion's* hill.

III.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each of them at length,
Perfect in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat,
When God our king,
Shall thither bring,
Our willing feet!

IV.

The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good with-holds,
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls:
Thrice bleſt is he,
O Lord of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts,
Alone in thee.

HYMN CXLVII. *Long Metre.*

The eternal ſabbath.

I.

LORD of the ſabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine houſe;
And own, as grateful ſacrifice,
The ſongs which from thy temple riſe.

Thine

II.

Thine earthly ſabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our longing ſouls aſpire,
With cheerful hope, and ſtrong deſire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor death ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on theſe realms of pain and ſin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And ſleep in death to reſt with God.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Long Metre.*

Praiſe to God on the Lord's day.

I.

SWEET is the work, O God our king,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks, and ſing;
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

II.

Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize our breaſt;
Our nobleſt pow'rs ſhall join to raiſe,
A tribute of immortal praiſe.

III.

Our hearts ſhall triumph in the Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word;
His works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep his counſels! how divine!

HYMN CXLIX. *Proper Metre.*

For the Lord's day morning.

I.

TO thee, O God, without delay,
Our morning homage we will pay;
For thee we long, to thee we look:
So travellers in deſert lands,
'Midſt ſultry gleams and ſcorching ſands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

II.

Within thy courts we've ſeen thy pow'r,
And learn'd to prize thy favour more;
Than life itſelf with all its joys:
There let thy ſmiles again appear,
Again our drooping ſpirits cheer,
And to thy praiſe attune our voice.

Not

III.

Not all the dainties of a feaſt,
Can give ſuch pleaſures to our taſte,
As from thy ſacred preſence ſpring;
Then, 'till our laſt expiring day,
We'll lift our hands to praiſe, and pray,
And tune our joyful lips to ſing.

HYMN CL. *Common Metre.*

For the Sabbath day.

I.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

II.

O what a night was that, which wrapt,
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a ſun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb.

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hoſannahs ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praiſe on ev'ry tongue.

IV.

Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN CLI. *Common Metre.*

Hoſannah to our riſen Saviour.

I.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround his throne.

II.

To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And *Satan's* empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

III.

Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men,
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes, in God his father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

Ho-

IV.

Hoſannah, in the higheſt ſtrains,
The church on earth can raiſe;
The church above in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

HYMN CLII. *Common Metre.*

The Lord's day welcomed.

I.

WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
Which ſaw the Saviour, riſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

II.

The Lord himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe and pray,

III.

One day amidſt the place,
In which our God hath been;
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days,
Of pleaſurable ſin.

HYMN CLIII. *Long Metre.*

The chriſtian ſabbath.

I.

GREAT God! this ſacred day of thine,
Demands our ſouls collected powr's:
May we employ in work divine,
Theſe ſolemn, theſe devoted hours.

II.

Hence, ye vain cares, and trifles, fly;
Where God reſides appear no more:
Omnicient God! thy piercing eye,
Can ev'ry ſecret thought explore.

III.

The word of life diſpens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feaſt;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart an humble gueſt.

IV.

Thy ſpirit's pow'rful aid impart,
O may thy word with life divine;
Engage the ear, and warm the heart!
Then ſhall the day indeed be thine.

HYMN CLIV. *Common Metre.*

The acceptable worſhipper.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man that may,
To thy bleſt courts repair;
And while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there?

II

'Tis he who walks in pious ways,
And works with pious hands;
Who truſts his maker's promiſes,
And follows his commands.

III.

Who never will a ſlander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor harken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round.

IV.

Who vice when dreſt in pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety in humbleſt garb,
Religiouſly reſpect.

V.

Who, to his plighted vows and truſt,
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his loſs,
Still makes his promiſe good.

Who

VI.

Who ſeeks not by oppreſſive ways,
His wealth to multiply;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
The guiltleſs to deſtroy.

VII.

The man, who in this upright courſe,
Hath happineſs enſur'd;
Tho' earth's foundation ſhake, ſhall ſtand,
By providence ſecur'd.

HYMN CLV. *Long Metre.*

Devotion vain without virtue.

I.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee,
Are but vain homage Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praiſe prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

II.

Can rites and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or faſt and penance reconcile,
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile?

III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will reſign'd;
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than richeſt treaſures from the fields.

Be

IV.

Be *juſt* and *kind*: that great command,
Doth on eternal pillars ſtand;
Thus did thine ancient prophets teach,
And thus thy well-beloved preach.

HYMN CLVI. *Common Metre.*

Acceptable worſhip.

I.

ETERNAL Spirit, juſt and wiſe,
Who ſeeſt our inmoſt mind:
In vain to thee we raiſe our cries,
And leave our ſouls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth, before thy throne,
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known,
Through the diſguiſe they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the ſacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

Lord,

IV.

Lord, ſearch our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our ſouls ſincere;
Then ſhall we ſtand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CLVII. *Common Metre.*

Obedience better than ſacrifice.

I.

THUS ſaith the Lord, "The ſpacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills,
"I claim a right divine.

II.

"I aſk no ſheep for ſacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
"Is all that I require.

III.

"Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand ſhall ſet you free;
"Then ſhall your thankful lips declare,
"The honour due to me.

The

IV.

" The men who offer humble praiſe,
" They glorify me beſt:
" And thoſe who tread my holy ways,
" Shall my ſalvation taſte."

HYMN CLVIII. *Common Metre.*

Acceſs to God in Worſhip.

I.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam's* num'rous race:
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.

II.

But who among the ſons of men,
May viſit his abode?—
They that have hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe hearts are right with God.

III.

Theſe are the men may riſe and take,
The bleſſings of his grace;
This is the lot of thoſe who ſeek,
Their heavenly father's face.

IV.

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The bleſſings of his grace;
This is the lot of thoſe who ſeek,
Their heavenly father's face.

HYMN CLIX. *Proper Metre.*

Pardon and peace from God.

I.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond deſires;
Here our willing footſteps meeting,
Ev'ry heart to heav'n aſpires.

II.

From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celeſtial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the ſkies.

III.

Who may ſhare this great ſalvation?
Ev'ry pure and humble mind;
Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the droſs of guilt refind.

IV.

Bleſſings all around beſtowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing,
From the fountain of his throne.

HYMN CLX. *Common Metre.*

Inconſtancy in religion.

I.

PERPETUAL ſource of light and grace,
We bleſs thy ſacred name:
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodneſs is the ſame.

II.

On us all worthleſs as we are,
Thy hand its bleſſings pours;
Sure as the heav'ns eſtabliſh'd courſe,
And plenteous as the ſhow'rs.

III.

Inconſtant ſervice we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
Falſe as the morning's ſcatt'ring cloud,
And tranſient as the dew.

IV.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace;
To bear our feeble footſteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

V.

Arm'd with thine energy divine,
Our ſouls ſhall ſtedfaſt move;
And with increaſing tranſport preſs,
On to thy courts above.

VI.

So, by thy pow'r, the morning ſun,
Purſues his radiant way;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And ſhines to perfect day.

HYMN CLXI. *Proper Metre.*

A penitential Hymn.

I.

GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our ſad repentant ſong;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

II.

Deep regret for follies paſt,
Talents waſted, time miſpent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankleſs for the bleſſings lent.

Fooliſh

III.

Fooliſh fears and fond deſires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too ſeldom taught to praiſe,
Oft to murmur and complain.

IV.

Theſe, and ev'ry ſecret fault,
Fill'd with grief and ſhame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

V.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our ſad repentant ſong:
O reſtore thy ſuppliant race,
Thou to whom all praiſe belong.

HYMN CLXII. *Long Metre.*

A penitential Pſalm.

I.

O GOD of grace, our ſins forgive,
And let repenting ſinners live;
Behold us not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

II.

No rites can eaſe our ſecret pain,
Or waſh away the guilty ſtain;
Only thy mercy can impart
Pardon and comfort to our heart.

III.

Lord, caſt us not in wrath away,
Nor hide thy ſpirits cheering ray;
The joys thy favour gives reſtore,
And guard us, that we fall no more.

IV.

A broken heart, O God, our king,
Is all the off'ring we can bring;
The God of grace will ne'er deſpiſe,
A broken heart for ſacrifice.

HYMN CLXIII. *Short Metre.*

Pardoning mercy.

I.

WITH, penitential grief,
To thee, O God, we cry;
In mercy hear our humble pray'r,
Attend our plaintive ſigh.

Should'ſt

II.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who could the trial bear?
Beneath thy frown our hearts would faint,
And tremble in deſpair.

III.

But mercy dwells with thee,
Hope dawns amidſt our fears;
Divine forgiveneſs, large and free,
Shall ſtop our flowing tears.

IV.

On thee our ſouls ſhall wait,
Our truſt is in thy word;
Thy word of grace can light create,
And ſacred peace afford.

HYMN CLXIV. *Long Metre.*

Prayer for pardoning mercy.

I.

O TURN great ruler of the ſkies,
Turn from our ſins thy ſearching eyes;
Nor let th' offences of our hand,
Within thy book recorded ſtand.

Lord,

II.

Lord, let thy clemency divine,
Conſpicuous in our pardon ſhine;
O let the fulneſs of thy grace,
Each error of our life efface.

III.

Give us a will to thine ſubdu'd,
A conſcience pure, a ſoul renew'd;
Nor let us, loſt in hopeleſs gloom,
Sad outcaſts from thy preſence roam.

IV.

The heart that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe;
Shall find its humble pray'rs and ſighs,
To thee in full acceptance riſe.

HYMN CLXV. *Long Metre.*

The happineſs of the penitent.

I.

BEYOND expreſſion bleſt are they,
Whoſe num'rous ſins are cover'd o'er;
Thoſe humble ſouls to whom the Lord,
Imputes their guilty deeds no more.

They

II.

They mourn their ſinful follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with conſtant care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their penitence ſincere.

III.

The men who hide their conſcious guilt,
Shall pine beneath a ſecret wound;
But they that own and leave their faults,
With peace and pardon ſhall be crown'd.

IV.

The Lord hath built a throne of grace,
Free to diſpenſe his mercies there;
That ſinners may approach his face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

HYMN CLXVI. *Long Metre.*

The pleaſures of a good conſcience.

I.

LORD, how ſecure and bleſt are they,
Whoſe hearts and lives are pure from ſin;
Should tempeſts ſhake the earth and ſea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

The

II.

The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

Quick, as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away;
Their ſouls are ever bright, as noon,
And calm, as ſummers ev'ning be.

IV.

How oft' they look to th' heavn'ly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſures grow!
And pleaſing hopes and cheerful ſmiles,
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow.

V.

They ſcorn to pine for golden toys,
But ſpend the day, and ſhare the night;
In numb'ring o'er diviner joys,
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

HYMN CLXVII. *Long Metre.*

A good conſcience the beſt ſupport under Afflictions.

I.

WHILE ſome in folly's pleaſures roll,
And ſeek the joys which hurt the ſoul:
Be our's that ſilent calm repaſt,
A peaceful conſcience to the laſt.

II.

With this companion in the ſhade,
Our ſouls no more ſhall be diſmay'd:
But fearleſs meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

III.

Though heav'n afflict, we'll not complain,
The nobleſt comforts ſtill remain;
Comforts that ſhall o'er death prevail,
And journey with us thro' the vale.

IV.

Amidſt the various ſcene of ills,
Each ſtroke ſome kind deſign fulfils;—
And ſhall we murmur at our God,
When ſov'reign love directs the rod?

His

V.

His hand will ſmooth our rugged way,
And lead us to the realms of day;
To milder ſkies, and brighter plains,
Where everlaſting pleaſure reigns.

HYMN CLXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Retirement.

I

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult far;
From ſcenes where ſin is waging ſtill,
Its moſt ſucceſsful war.

II.

The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With pray'r and praiſe agree;
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty, made
For thoſe who follow thee.

III.

There if thy ſpirit touch the ſoul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There

IV.

There, like the nightingale, ſhe pours,
Her ſolitary lays;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.

V.

Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet ſource of light divine;
And all harmonious names in one,
My *father*, thou art mine.

VI.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundleſs endleſs ſtore,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time ſhall be no more.

HYMN CLXIX. *Proper Metre.*

The bleſſings of revelation.

I.

GREAT God, we love thy ſacred word,
What light and joy its truths afford;
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſs'd,
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads our hearts to reſt.

II.

From the diſcov'ries of the law,
The perfect rules of life we draw:
Theſe are our ſtudy and delight;
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

III.

Thy threatnings wake our ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conſcience clean,
Converts the ſoul, ſubdues each ſin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

HYMN CLXX. *Common Metre.*

The light and glory of Gods' Word.

I.

WHAT glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives but borrows none.

II.

The hand that gave it ſtill ſupplies,
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations riſe;
They riſe, but never ſet.

Let

III.

Let everlaſting thanks be thine,
For ſuch a bright diſplay;
As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

IV.

My ſoul rejoices to purſue,
The paths of truth and love;
'Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN CLXXI. *Long Metre.*

The holy ſcriptures.

I.

GOD, who in various methods told,
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent Chriſt his Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

II.

With joy we read his written word,
The book of life, the true record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by this ſure conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundleſs love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation praiſe the Lord.

HYMN CLXXII. *Common Metre.*

The excellence of the word of God.

I.

LORD, we have made thy word our choice,
Our laſting heritage;
There ſhall our nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
Our warmeſt thoughts engage.

II.

Our ſouls eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence we maintain a conſtant fight,
With every flatt'ring luſt.

Thy

III.

Thy precepts often we ſurvey;
We keep thy laws in ſight
Through all the buſineſs of the day,
To guide our actions right.

IV.

No treaſures ſo enrich the mind,
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold,
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Or heaps of choiceſt gold.

V.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe;
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And endleſs glory lies:

VI.

The beſt relief that mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Points out an home beyond the ſkies,
And an eternal reſt.

HYMN CLXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The word of God the beſt guide of youth.

I.

HOW ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
and guard their lives from ſin?
God's word the choiceſt rules imparts,
To keep the conſcience clean.

II.

When once it penetrates the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad;
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

III.

'Tis like the ſun, an heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

IV.

The men who keeps his law with care,
And meditate his word;
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

His

V.

His precepts make us truly wiſe,
We hate the ſinners road:
We hate our own vain thoughts that riſe,
But love thy law, O God.

VI.

Thy word is everlaſting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Long Metre.*

The excellence and ſucceſs of the goſpel.

I.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory Lord,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

II.

The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And night and day thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

Sun,

III.

Sun, moon, and ſtars convey thy praiſe,
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It darted light on every land.

IV.

Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,
'Till through the world thy truth hath run;
'Till Chriſt hath all the nations bleſs'd,
Which ſee the light or feel the ſun.

V.

Great ſun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

HYMN CLXXV. *Long Metre.*

The happineſs of Chriſtians.

I.

HOW welcome is their voice,
Who ſpeak the Saviour's name,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And terms of peace proclaim!

How

II.

How grateful is the ſound,
How good the tidings are!
The church beholds her Saviour king;
He reigns and triumphs here.

III.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

IV.

Chriſtians, unite your tongues,
And cheerful notes employ;
Let ſaving love inſpire your ſongs,
And heathens learn the joy.

V.

The Lord diſplays his grace,
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now adore,
Their Father and their God.

HYMN CLXXVI. *Long Metre.*

The excellence of the chriſtian religion.

I.

LET everlaſting glories crown,
Thy head our Saviour, and our Lord;
Thy hands have brought ſalvation down,
And writ the bleſſings in thy word.

II.

How well thy bleſſed truths agree,
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes, how firm they be;
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands!

III.

Should all the forms which men deviſe,
Aſſault our faith with treach'rous arts,
We'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to our hearts.

HYMN CLXXVII. *Common Metre.*

The Miſſion of Chriſt.

I.

SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new diſcover'd grace demands,
A new and nobler ſong.

II.

Say to the nations, Jeſus reigns,
God's well-beloved Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

III.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be ſeen;
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

IV.

Let an unuſual joy ſurpriſe,
The iſlands of the ſea;
Ye mountains ſink, ye vallies riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold

V.

Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs,
The nations from their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

HYMN CLXXVIII. *Short Metre.*

The birth of Chriſt.

I.

BEHOLD the grace appears,
The bleſſing promis'd long!
Angels proclaim the Saviour near,
In this triumphant ſong:

II.

" Glory to God on high!
" And heav'nly peace on earth;
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth."

III.

In worſhip ſo divine,
Let ſaints employ their tongues:
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs:

" Glory

IV.

" Glory to God on high,
" And heav'nly peace on earth;
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At our Redeemer's birth.

HYMN CLXXIX. *Common Metre.*

The coming of the Meſſiah.

I.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

II.

He comes from thickeſt films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppreſs'd with night,
To pour celeſtial day.

III.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

IV.

Hoſannas to the prince of peace,
His welcome ſhall proclaim;
While heav'n's eternal arches ring,
With his beloved name.

HYMN CLXXX. *Proper Metre.*

For Chriſtmas or the Sabbath Day.

I.

ARISE, and hail the happy day,
Caſt all low cares of life away;
And thought of meaner things:
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The ſun of righteouſneſs aroſe,
With healing in his wings.

II.

How wonderful, how vaſt his love,
Who left the ſhining realms above,
Thoſe happy ſeats of reſt!
How much for human kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to reſtore,
Can never be expreſs'd.

III.

Then let your ſouls adore his grace,
Let holy joy and thanks take place,
Of ſorrow, grief, and pain;
Give glory to our God moſt high,
And, 'midſt the univerſal joy,
Proclaim good-will to men.

HYMN CLXXXI. *Short Metre.*

Chriſt the light of the World.

I.

BEHOLD the prince of peace,
The choſen of the Lord;
God's well-beloved ſon, fulfils,
The promiſe of his word.

II.

No royal pomp adorns,
This king of righteouſneſs;
Meekneſs and patience, truth and love,
Compoſe his princely dreſs.

III.

Jeſus, the light of men,
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r,
To warm and glad our hearts!

IV.

Cheer'd by its beams, our ſouls,
Shall run the heav'nly way:
The path which Chriſt hath mark'd, and trod,
Will lead to endleſs day.

HYMN CLXXXII. *Common Metre*

The benevolence of Chriſt.

I.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jeſus met,
With mildeſt radience ſhine.

II.

The largeſt love of human kind,
Inſpired his godlike breaſt;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindneſs was expreſs'd.

III.

To ſpread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To teach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

IV.

Lowly in heart, to all his friends,
A friend and ſervant found;
He waſh'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

V.

In the laſt hour of deep diſtreſs,
Before his father's throne;
With ſoul reſign'd, he bow'd and ſaid,
"Thy will, not mine be done."

Be

VI.

Be Chriſt our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his ſacred ſteps,
And his bright glories ſhare!

HYMN CLXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The compaſſion of Chriſt for his enemies.

I.

WHEN Chriſt among the ſons of men,
In humble form was found;
With cruel ſlanders falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

II.

The woes of men his pity mov'd,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

III.

Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet, with his dying breath;
He pray'd for murd'rers on the croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

IV.

From the rich fountain of his love,
What ſtreams of mercy flow!
Father, forgive them, 'Jeſus cries,
'They know not what they do.'

V.

Let not this bright example ſhine,
In vain before our eyes!
Give us, great God, a ſoul like his,
To love our enemies.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

The example of Chriſt.

I.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Such was thy truth, and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy father's will;
Such love, and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

IV.

Be thou my pattern; let me bear,
More of thy lovely image here;
Then God, the judge ſhall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the lamb.

HYMN CLXXXV. *Common Metre.*

The offices of Chriſt.

I.

WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus, thy ſpirit, and thy word,
Shall guide us in thy ways.

II.

We rev'rence our High-Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
Who lives to carry on his love,
And intercedes with God.

III.

We honour our exalted king;
How wiſe are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin,
By his preſerving hands.

IV.

Hoſannah, to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by different ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

The reſurrection and interceſſion of Chriſt.

I.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd;
Deſcended like a pitying God,
To ſave the ſouls he lov'd.

II.

The pow'rs of darkneſs leagued in vain,
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

III.

And now his conquering chariot wheels,
Aſcend the lofty ſkies;
While broke beneath his pow'rful croſs,
Death's iron ſceptre lies,

IV.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love diſpens'd,
And boundleſs bleſſings flow.

V.

And ſtill for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And ſtill his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To

VI.

To thee our Saviour and our King,
Glad praiſes let us give;
And ſtand prepar'd, like thee to die,
With thee, that we may live.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The Meſſiah's Kingdom.

I.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway,
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy ſon,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

II.

Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n ſubmits to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

III.

With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads the oppreſſor in the duſt;
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

IV.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

The

V.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath,
The ſhades of over-ſpreading death;
Revive at his firſt dawning light;
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.

VI.

The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. *Proper Metre.*

Chriſt riſen, and death vanquiſhed.

I.

"ANGEL roll the rock away,
"Death yield up thy mighty prey;"
See he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

II.

Shout ye ſaints, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the notes be ſweet and ſtrong;
Hail the ſon of God this morn,
From his ſepulchre new-born.

III.

Pow'rs of heav'n, celeſtial choirs,
Sing, and ſweep your ſounding lyres;
Sons of men in joyful ſtrain,
Hail your mighty ſaviour's reign!

Ev'ry

IV.

Ev'ry note with wonder ſwell,
And the ſaviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Where thy terrors, vanquiſh'd king?

HYMN CLXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Chriſt coming to judgment.

I.

JESUS, adorn'd with grace divine,
Aſcends the judgment throne;
Through heav'n's extended realms above,
He makes his glories known.

II.

By his command the trumpet ſounds,
And ſummons to his bar;
The piercing blaſt ſhakes heav'n around,
And thunders through the air.

III.

The earth and ſeas his orders hear,
Unclos'd is ev'ry tomb;
Th' awaken'd world attend, and fear,
His ſentence, and their doom.

IV.

The ſaints, obedient to his call,
With joy receive their crowns;
The wicked into ruin fall,
Beneath his wrathful frowns.

How

V.

How ſhall we bear that awful day,
And ſtand the ſolemn teſt?
We give all ſinful joys away,
To be for ever bleſt.

HYMN CXC. *Short Metre.*

The hope of pardon, by Jeſus Chriſt.

I.

RAISE your triumphant ſong,
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds,
Celeſtial grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal love,
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bade him raiſe our ſinful race
From their abyſs of woes.

III.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by;
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down,
For rebels doom'd to die.

IV.

Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the ſcepter of his love,
And take his offer'd peace.

Lord

V.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

HYMN CXCI. *Proper Metre.*

Reſt and conſolation from the goſpel.

I.

COME, ſaid Jeſus' ſacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim hither come!

II.

Thou, who houſeleſs, ſole, forlorn,
Long haſt borne the proud worlds' ſcorn,
Long haſt roam'd the barren waſte,
Weary pilgrim hither haſte!

III.

Ye, who toſt on beds of pain,
Seek for eaſe, but ſeek in vain:
Ye, whoſe ſwoln and ſleepleſs eyes,
Watch to ſee the morning riſe:

IV.

Ye, by fiercer anguiſh torn,
In remorſe for guilt who mourn;
Here repoſe your heavy care,
Wounded ſpirits who can bear

V.

Sinner, come! for here is found,
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace, that ever ſhall endure,
Reſt, eternal, ſacred, ſure.

HYMN CXCII. *Common Metre.*

Praiſe to Chriſt the lamb of God.

I.

COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

II.

"Worthy the lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"—
"Worthy the lamb," our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

III.

Jeſus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Are, Lord, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas;
Conſpire to raiſe thy glories high,
And ſpeak thy endleſs praiſe:

The

V.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name;
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to revere the lamb.

HYMN CXCIII. *Long Metre.*

The chriſtian's character and proſpects.

I.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs,
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Then ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The ſaving mercy of our God;
When his ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

III.

Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion, and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXCIV. *Short Metre.*

The Communion.

I.

JESUS invites his ſaints,
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd ſinners ſit and hold,
Communion with their Lord.

II.

Here we ſurvey that love,
Which ſpoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

III.

And while we ſhare the gifts,
His gracious hands beſtow;
Let ev'ry heart, in friendſhip join'd,
With kind affections glow.

IV.

Let love inſpire each breaſt,
And dictate ev'ry thought;
Be angry paſſions far remov'd,
And ſelfiſh views forgot.

V.

Our ſouls dilated wide,
By our redeemer's grace,
Shall in the arms of fervent love
All heav'n and earth embrace.

HYMN CXCV. *Long Metre.*

Remembrance of Chriſt.

I.

"EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend,"
Such was our Saviour's laſt requeſt;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever bleſt.

II.

Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs love,
Thou deareſt tend'reſt beſt of friends;
Thy dying love the nobleſt praiſe,
Of long eternity tranſcends.

III.

'Tis pleaſure more than earth can give,
Thy goodneſs through theſe veils to ſee;
Thy table food celeſtial yields,
And happy they who ſit with thee.

IV.

But O! what vaſt tranſporting joys,
Shall fill our breaſts, our tongues inſpire;
When join'd with the celeſtial train,
Our grateful ſouls thy love admire.

V.

When theſe frail bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thine own;
Unweary'd ſhall our minds obey,
And join to make thy favours known

HYMN CXCVI. *Long Metre.*

The Communion.

I.

TO God moſt high, the ſov'reign Lord,
Great name, by heav'n and earth ador'd!
Our thankful hearts and voices raiſe,
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

II.

And while around this board we meet,
To worſhip at thy glorious feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

III.

Yes LORD, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taſte this bread and wine,
Deſire to feed on joys divine.

IV.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful pleaſing anguiſh flow;
And thy forgiving ſmiles impart,
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

HYMN CXCVII. *Long Metre.*

The Chriſtian warfare.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe;
In long array, a num'rous hoſt,
Awake, my ſoul! or thou art loſt.

II.

See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſt engage:
The meaneſt foe of all the train,
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

III.

Thou tread'ſt upon deceitful ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round:
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But moſt the traitor in thy heart.

IV.

Come then, my ſoul! now learn to wield,
The weight of thine immortal ſhield;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.

V.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell:
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here,
Why ſhould his faithful ſoll'wers fear?

HYMN

HYMN CXCVIII. *Common Metre.*

The chriſtian race.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul! ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

II.

A cloud of witneſſes around,
Hold thee in full ſurvey;
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

III.

'Tis God's all animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize,
To thine aſpiring eye.

IV.

That prize with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victor's wreaths, and monarch's gems,
Shall blend in common duſt.

HYMN CXCIX. *Common Metre.*

The happineſs of the benevolent.

I.

BLESS'D is the man whoſe ſoft'ning heart,
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the ſupplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

II.

Whoſe breaſt expands with gen'rous warmth,
A ſtranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the pow'r to heal.

III.

He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His ſecret bounty largely flows,
And brings unaſk'd relief.

IV.

To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never ſlow;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

V.

Peace from the boſom of his God,
Sweet peace ſhall he receive;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling ſoul ſhall live.

HYMN CC. *Long Metre.*

Love to all mankind.

I.

O GOD, my Saviour, and my king,
Of all I have or hope the ſpring!
Send down thy ſpirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

II.

May I from ev'ry act abſtain,
Which hurts or gives my neighbour pain;
And ev'ry ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs,
That would abridge his happineſs.

III.

With pity let my breaſt o'erflow,
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a ſympathiſing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.

IV.

And when another's proſp'rous ſtate,
Shall joy within himſelf create;
Let me too in his triumph join,
And count his peace and pleaſure mine.

V.

Yea, ſhould my neighbour envi'us prove,
Still let me vanquiſh hate with love;
Slow to reſent, tho' he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.

Let

VI.

Let love in all my conduct ſhine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine:
Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,
Father of men, great God of love.

HYMN CCI. *Common Metre.*

The excellence of love.

I.

HAPPY the heart where virtues reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

II.

Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent inj'ry die,
And ſoon forgets the paſt.

III.

She nor deſires, nor ſeeks, to know,
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe who climb.

IV.

She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good:
So God's own ſon came down to die,
And ſav'd us by his blood.

Love

V.

Love is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis love ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings,
In the bright realms of bliſs.

HYMN CCII. *Common Metre.*

Domeſtic love and happineſs.

I.

BLEST are the ſons of peace,
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one;
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their actions run.

II.

Bleſt is the pious houſe,
Where zeal and friendſhip meet;
Where ſongs of praiſe, and mingled vows,
Make their communion ſweet.

III.

Where love from heav'nly ſprings,
Deſcends to ev'ry ſoul;
And ſacred peace, with balmy wings,
Shades and bedews the whole.

IV.

All in their ſtations move,
And each fulfils his part,
In ev'ry care of life and love,
With ſympathizing heart.

Thus

V.

Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN CCIII. *Proper Metre.*

Love to God and Man.

I.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wiſe, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy kindneſs unconfin'd:
Muſing in the ſilent grove,
Or the buſy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.

II.

Lord! what off'ring ſhall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unſullied ſpring,
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compaſſion's feeling ſoul,
By the melting eye expreſt;
Sympathy, at whoſe control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breaſt.

III.

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with lib'ral ſtore.
Teach us, O thou heav'nly king!
Thus to ſhew our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN CCIV. *Common Metre.*

Sympathy.

I.

HOW bleſt, ſupremely bleſt is he,
Whoſe ſoul is all benign;
Touch'd with the ſweet attractive pow'r
Of ſympathy divine.

II.

What ſolid joy, and calm delight
Poſſeſs his gentle mind,
Which glows with tenderneſs and love
To all of human kind!

III.

The ſoul that ſhares another's grief,
The tearful, weeping eye,
The heart which melts, o'er human woes,
The ſympathetic ſigh:

IV.

Theſe are the choiceſt gifts of heav'n,
How pleaſing, how divine!
The breaſt to ſoften and expand,
The paſſions to refine.

V.

May we be ready, Lord, to all,
Our chearful aid to lend;
And, while in others joys we ſhare,
Still be the ſuff'rer's friend.

HYMN CCV. *Proper Metre.*

The pleaſures of benevolence.

I.

HAIL love divine! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we purſue,
Our ſouls delighted ſhare,
Too high for ſordid minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow,
Their wiſhes and their care.

II.

By thee inſpir'd, the gen'rous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt,
With kindneſs large and free,
Delights the widows tears to ſtay,
To teach the blind the ſmootheſt way,
And aid the feeble knee.

III.

O God! with ſympathetic care,
In other's joys and griefs to ſhare,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each ſelfiſh wiſh control,
Warm with benevolence the ſoul,
And make us wholly thine.

HYMN CCVI. *Common Metre.*

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

II.

As pity dwells within his breaſt,
To all the ſons of need;
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt,
With bleſſings on his ſeed.

III.

In times of general diſtreſs,
Some beams of light will ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.

His

IV.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above
Shall be his ſure reward.

HYMN CCVII. *Long Metre.*

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD we the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe;
If love be abſent, we are found,
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

II.

Were we inſpir'd to preach and tell,
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could our faith the world remove,
Still, we are nothing without love.

III.

Should we deſtribute all our ſtore,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give our bodies to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

IV.

If love to God, and love to men,
Be abſent, all our hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

HYMN CCVIII. *Long Metre.*

Charitable judgment.

I.

ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know,
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To jndge, by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we ſin.

II.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy ſervant to his bar ſhall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms below?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own.

IV.

If wrong forgive, approve if right;
While faithful we obey our light;
And cens'ring none, are zealous ſtill,
To follow, as to learn thy will.

V.

When ſhall our happy eyes behold,
Thy people faſhion'd in thy mould:
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love.

HYMN CCIX. *Short Metre.*

The right and duty of private judgment.

I.

O LORD our ſpirits lead,
With ſoundeſt knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

II.

With underſtanding bleſt,
Created to be free;
Our faith on man we dare not reſt,
Subject to none but thee.

III.

O may we ſtill maintain,
A meek, enquiring mind;
Aſſur'd we ſhall not ſearch in vain,
But hidden treaſure find.

IV.

The truth, once learn'd, impreſs
On our obedient hearts;
And help us firmly to profeſs,
'Midſt all ſeducing arts.

HYMN CCX. *Long Metre.*

Juſtice.

I.

HAPPY the man who dares be juſt,
Refuſing to betray his truſt,
Tho' int'reſt prompt him to the deed,
And the ſeducing paſſions plead.

II.

Happy the man who dares be juſt,
Steadfaſt, when duty ſays, "thou muſt;"
Againſt the tyrants' marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.

III.

Him would the ſtorm-vex'd ocean's weight,
Or lightning barb'd with inſtant fate,
Or the laſt earth-quake's awful ſhock,
Unfearing ſmite;—God is his rock.

HYMN CCXI. *Long Metre.*

Meekneſs.

I.

HAPPY the meek, whoſe gentle breaſt,
clear as the ſummer's evening ray;
Calm as the regions of the bleſt,
Enjoy on earth celeſtial day.

Their

II.

Their hearts no broken friendſhips ſting;
No jars their peaceful tents invade;
They reſt beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hoſtile to none, of none afraid.

III.

O may a temper meek and mild
With gentle ſway our ſouls poſſeſs,
Subdue each paſſion rude and wild,
And bleſs us, while we wiſh to bleſs.

HYMN CCXII. *Long Metre.*

Humility.

I.

WHEREFORE ſhould man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the ſhroud,
Lives but the inſect of a day,
O why ſhould mortal man be proud?

II.

His brighteſt viſions juſt appear,
Then vaniſh, and no more are found;
The ſtatelieſt pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

III.

By doubt perplex'd, in error loſt,
With trembling ſtep he ſeeks his way:
How vain, of wiſdom's gifts the boaſt!
Of reaſon's lamp, how faint the ray!

Follies

IV.

Follies and crimes, a countleſs ſum,
Are crowded in life's little ſpan:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

V.

God of our life, father divine,
Give us a meek and lowly mind;
In modeſt worth O may we ſhine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN CCXIII. *Long Metre.*

The wiſdom of redeeming time.

I.

GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time it's being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows,
Loſt in eternity's wide ſea,
The boundleſs gulf, from which it roſe.

III.

The thoughtleſs tribes of mortal men,
Before the rapid ſtream, are borne
On to their everlaſting home;—
That country whence there's no return.

Yet,

IV.

Yet, while the ſhore on either ſide
Preſents a gaudy flatt'ring ſhew,
They gaze in fond amazement loſt,
Nor think to what a world they go.

V.

Great ſource of wiſdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its meaſure, and its pow'r.

HYMN CCXIV. *Common Metre.*

God eternal, and man mortal.

I.

O GOD, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

II.

Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth received her frame,
From, everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

III.

A thouſand ages in thy ſight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

Time,

IV.

Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

V.

Like flow'ry fields, the nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'rs, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

VI.

So teach us, Lord, the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

HYMN CCXV. *Long Metre.*

Life the only ſeaſon of preparation for eternity.

I.

LIFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t'enſure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour, which God hath gi'vn,
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.

The

III.

The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
They have no ſhare in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

IV.

Then what our thoughts deſign to do,
Our hands, with all your might purſue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

HYMN CCXVI. *Common Metre.*

God the preſerver of our frail bodies.

I.

WHILE others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
We will confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
How weak and frail we are.

II.

Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land,
And fades the graſs away.

III.

Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings,
Shou'd keep in tune ſo long.

IV.

But 'tis our God ſupports our frame,
The God who form'd us firſt;
Salvation to th' almighty name,
That rear'd us from the duſt.

V.

While we have breath, or uſe our tongues,
Our maker we'll adore;
His ſpirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

HYMN CCXVII. *Common Metre.*

The vanity of man as mortal.

I.

TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A ſpan is all that I can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flow'r and prime.

III.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

Some

IV.

Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for ſhining ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

V.

What can I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain
And diſappoint our truſt.

VI.

Now I reſign each worldly hope,
My fond deſires recall;
I give my mortal intereſt up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Long Metre.*

The vanity of long life.

I.

LIKE ſhadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll ſucceſſive on,
Man's buſy generations paſs,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

II.

Vain is the boaſt of lengthned years;
A patriarch's full maturity;
'Tis but a larger drop to ſwell
The ocean of eternity.

III.

O Father! in whoſe mighty hand,
The boundleſs years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And uſe the moments as they fly;

IV.

To croud the narrow ſpan of life,
With wiſe deſigns and virtuous deeds:
So ſhall we wake from death's dark night,
To ſhare the glory that ſucceeds.

HYMN CCXIX. *Long Metre.*

Death the way whence we ſhall not return.

I.

BEHOLD the path, which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments ſtay
Nor can we meaſure back the way.

II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O our ſouls, this doom your own;
Feeble as their's, your mortal frame;
The ſame your way, your home the ſame.

III.

From vital air, from cheering light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night;
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
We muſt to God's tribunal paſs.

Awake,

IV.

Awake, our ſouls, your way prepare,
And loſe in this each meaner care;
With ſteady feet that path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave conducts to God.

V.

Then may we ſmile ſecure from fear,
Though death ſhould blaſt the riſing year;
And joy to reach the bliſsful ſhore,
From which we ſhall return no more.

HYMN CCXX. *Common Metre.*

The frailty and importance of human life.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal God,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we!

II.

Our waſting life grows ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Still leaves the number leſs.

III.

Dangers ſtand thick through all the road,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

IV.

Great God, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtate of all mankind
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

V.

Waken, O Lord, our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And when we're ſummon'd to depart,
May we be found with God.

HYMN CCXXI. *Long Metre.*

Funeral Hymn.

I.

WELL ſleeps the good, who ſinks to reſt,
By each poor neighbour's wiſhes bleſt!
For God ſhall mark the hallow'd clay,
That wraps his mould 'till judgement day.

II.

When the laſt trumpet rends the ſkies,
And the life-giver ſhouts, "Ariſe,"
O'er him ſhall ſtir the heaving earth,
While angels watch his ſecond birth.

III.

His form aſcends array'd in light,
Where ſeraphs harbinger his flight;
Their greeneſt palms of triumph ſtrow,
And deck with golden crown his brow.

To

IV.

To Jeſus, the deliverer, dear,
His everlaſting home is near,
Where pain and toil and trouble ceaſe,
The manſion of delightful peace.

HYMN CCXXII. *Common Metre.*

Hope of future happineſs.

I.

AWAKE, ye ſaints, and raiſe your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high:
Awake, and praiſe your maker's love,
Which ſhews ſalvation nigh.

II.

Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each cloſing year.

III.

Not many years their rounds ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
E'ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

IV.

Ye wheels of nature; ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal pow'rs! decay:
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXIII. *Long Metre.*

Joy in the proſpect of future happineſs.

I.

WHAT ſinners value we reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that we are thine;
We ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

II.

This life's a dream, an empty ſhew;
But the bright world to which we go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall we wake and find us there?

III.

Then ſhall we ſee, and hear, and know,
All we deſir'd, or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find ſweet employ,
In that eternal world of Joy.

IV.

O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
We ſhall be near, and like our God;
And fleſh and ſenſe no more control,
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

V.

This fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
Then burſt the chains with glad ſurprize,
And in our Saviour's image riſe.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Heaven invisible and holy.

I.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the father hath prepar'd,
For those who love the son.

II.

But the good spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory, in the word,
Allure, and guide us home.

III.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can see, or taste, the bliss.

IV.

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the lamb.

HYMN CCXXV. *Common Metre.*

The happineſs of the dying Chriſtian.

I.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their dying bed.

II.

They die in *Jeſus*, and are bleſs'd;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd,
And free'd from ev'ry care.

III.

Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN CCXXVI. *Long Metre.*

For an ordination, or on the death of a miniſter.

I.

GREAT Lord of angels, we adore;
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And through ten thouſand ſons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

Amidſt

II.

Amidſt the waſtes of time and death,
Succeſſive paſtors thou doſt raiſe,
Thy charge to keep, thy houſe to guide,
And form a people for thy praiſe.

III.

At length, diſmiſs'd from feeble clay,
Thy ſervants join th' angelic band;
With them through diſtant worlds they fly,
With them before thy preſence ſtand.

IV.

O bleſt employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When ſhall we reach thoſe radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours ſhare?

V.

Yet while theſe labours we purſue,
Thus diſtant from the heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heav'n ſhall here be known.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXVII. *Long Metre.*

New year's day.

I.

GREAT God, we ſing that mighty hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand;
The opening year thy mercy ſhews;
Thy mercy crowns it 'till it cloſe.

II.

By day, by night, at home abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his inceſſant bounty fed;
By his unerring counſel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the paſt we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We leave to thee, in humble pray'r,
And baniſh ev'ry anxious care.

IV.

In ſcenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our reſt;
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

V.

When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our helper God in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Proper Metre.*

For New-Years Day.

I.

WHILE with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun,
Haſted through the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Finiſh'd now probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer ſtay,
But how little none can know.

II.

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the ſkies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upward, Lord, our ſpirits raiſe;
All below is but a dream.

III.

Thanks for mercies paſt receive;
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bleſs thy word to young and old;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
Take us to thyſelf above.

HYMN CCXXIX. *Common Metre.*

New Year's day.

I.

OBSERVE, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear

II.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few which yet remain.

III.

So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

IV.

Awake, my ſoul; with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.

V.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his care depend:
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

HYMN CCXXX. *Proper Metre.*

National Mercies.

I.

BLESS'D is the nation, where the Lord,
Reveals the treaſures of his word,
And builds the church his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world ſurveys;
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their maker is unknown.

II.

The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Alone doth ſure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning ſtand;
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

III.

In ſickneſs or the bloody field,
Thou our phyſician, thou our ſhield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne;
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Long Metre.*

To be uſed in time of war.

I.

WHILE ſounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin ſtrew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The parent and the Lord of all.

II.

Thou, who haſt ſtamp'd on human kind,
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace,
Haſt cheriſh'd all the kindred race;

III.

O ſee, with what inſatiate rage,
Thy ſons their impious battles wage;
How ſpreads deſtruction like a flood,
And brothers ſhed their brother's blood!

IV.

Great God! whoſe pow'rful hand can bind,
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempeſt ceaſe,
And huſh the madd'ning world to peace.

V.

With rev'rence may each hoſtile land,
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy ſon's bleſt errand from above,
"My creatures, live in mutual love."

HYMN

HYMN CCXXXII. *Long Metre.*

For a Faſt-Day.

I.

WHILE ſuppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee, O God, we raiſe our cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incenſe a repentant ſigh.

II.

If hard injuſtice grinds the poor,
Or av'rice ſtains the ſordid hand;
If ſtern ambition thirſts for blood,
Or rude oppreſſion waſtes the land:

III.

If heinous crimes like theſe abound,
O may a gen'rous ſorrow riſe;
And as new troubles threaten round,
'Midſt waſting wars and angry ſkies,

IV.

May we in heart-felt ſorrow ſunk,
Confeſs thine hand, and bleſs the rod;
By penitence make thee our friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *Proper Metre.*

To be uſed during war foreign and domeſtic.

I.

O LORD of Hoſts, almighty king!
Hear us while we thy glories ſing,
And ſpeak the wonders of thy name:
Earth is thy footſtool, heav'n thy throne
Thine empire ſpreads thro' worlds unknown,
And all thy works thyſelf proclaim.

II.

Sceptres and Shields, and tott'ring crowns,
And kingdoms trembling at thy frowns,
Submiſſive wait their deſtiny;
The nations feel thine angry rod,
Guilty, confeſs the righteous God,
And own the hand that rules on high.

III.

From heav'n look down with pitying eyes;
The tyrants of the earth chaſtiſe;
And quell their furious, lawleſs rage;
Cauſe the alarm of war to ceaſe;
O bleſs the jarring world with peace,
And angry tumult ſoon aſſuage.

HYMN

HYMN CCXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

For a day of public thankſgiving.

I.

PRAISE to the Lord who bows his ear,
Propitious to our humble pray'r,
And though deliv'rance long delay,
Anſwers in his well-choſen day.

II.

O may thy grace our land engage,
Reſcu'd from fierce tyrannic rage,
The tribute of its praiſe to bring,
To thee our Saviour and our king.

III.

Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home,
To thee a temple ſhall become.

HYMN CCXXXV. *Common Metre.*

Public peace and ſecurity from God.

I.

IN vain oppoſing nations rage,
If God with us abide;
One word of his diſſolves their ſtrength,
And humbles all their pride.

II.

His wiſdom ſees correction meet;
He gives the dread command,
And war its deſolation ſpreads
Thro' ev'ry trembling land.

III.

His purpoſe wrought, again he ſpeaks,
And deſolations ceaſe;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

IV.

Mortals, adore his ſov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Thro' all your various tribes be ſtill,
And know that he is God.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Proper Metre.*

The divine bleſſing implored at the concluſion of public worſhip.

I.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

HALLELUJAH.

II.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Goſpels' joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.

HALLELUJAH. *Amen.*

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